

No. 10

MERRY ENGLAND

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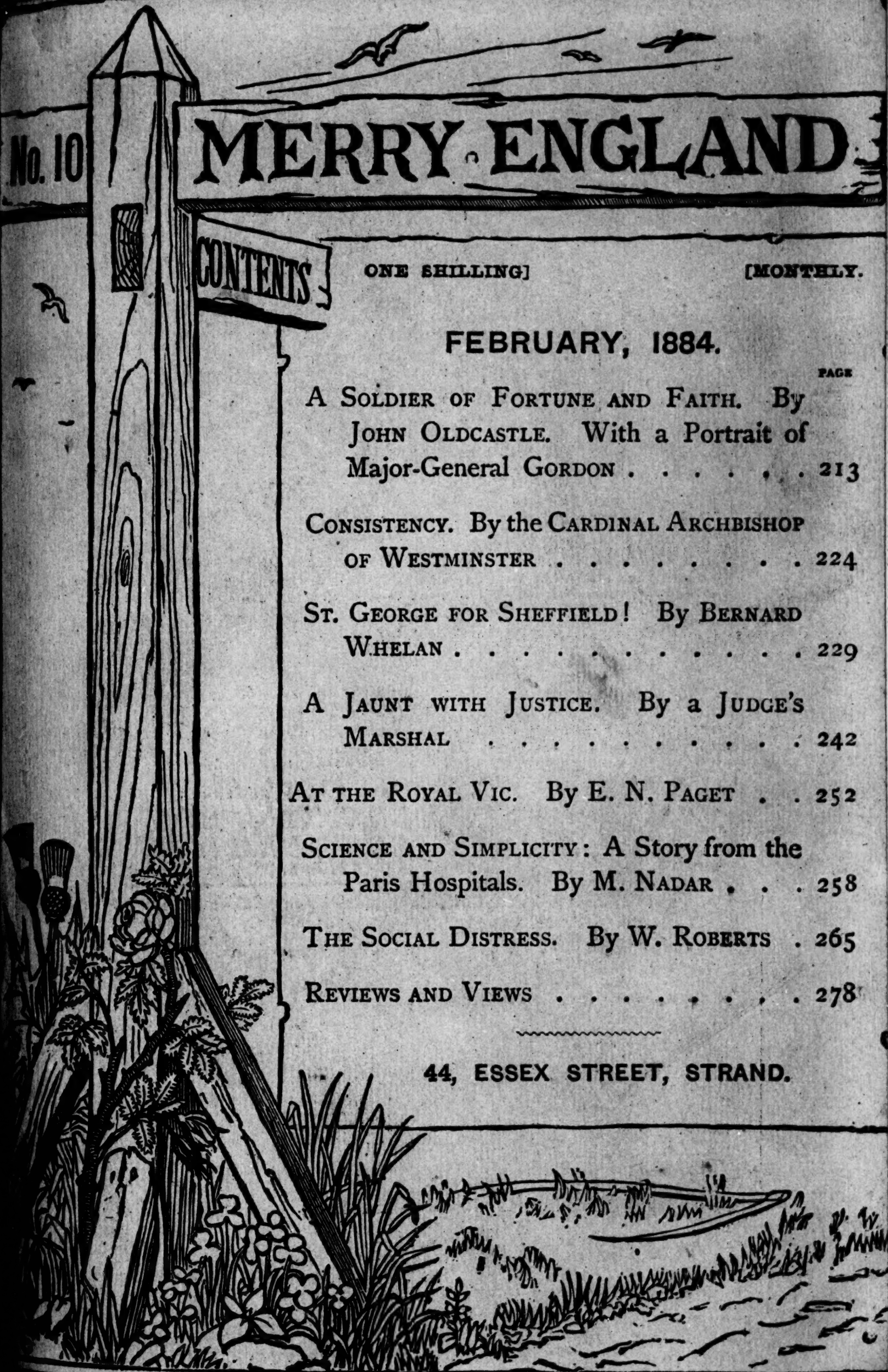
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[MONTHLY.

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MAJOR-GENERAL. GORDON.

MERRY ENGLAND

FEBRUARY, 1884.

A Soldier of Fortune and Faith.

“SAY not thou that the former times were better than these; for thou dost not inquire rightly concerning this.” Perhaps the inspired writer who wrote thus was set down as an “advanced” optimist thousands of years ago; and as an optimist many would certainly regard him now. The dream that there once was a golden age is a natural reaction from the aggressive certainty that man is now embedded in an age of iron. According to the dilettante in everything the times are out of joint. We have no Shakespeare now, and no Spenser, says he of literature; but who can doubt that the total and average of literary power in the world is greater now than it ever was before, or deny that the scribbling which made reputations for the L. E. L.’s of a past generation would to-day pass into the waste-paper basket of even a young lady’s magazine? Of art the same may be said. There will be no Reynolds at Burlington House in the spring, but there will be a thousand canvases which attest to a new era of disseminated artistic skill. The annals of music show the same record of extended achievement, and of the growth of that public which can appreciate what is fine in harmony, as well as of that which knows what is worthy in literature and legitimate in art. And what has been done in the arts is eclipsed by what has been

done in the sciences, the patient unveilings which reveal God the Creator to man. It is in that other, and to many millions far dearer and not less real, revelation of God the Redeemer, that faith is supposed by many to have grown cold ; yet there are those who deem that even a "fragmentary" Christendom may be an ill less vital than that of a hypocritical or even of a merely mechanical conformity ; who believe that if religion, after the manner of the arts, suffers from any dearth of great saints—the geniuses of the Church—there is, as also in the arts, a better average of Christianity now in the world than ever before ; and that the virtue which once fled from isolation to the congenial convent, may now be found as the very commonplace of life in palaces and in the cellars of the slums. But if it be true that the nineteenth century affords in this matter of Faith a ground for ignoring the sage's injunction, then so much the more remarkable is the figure of such a man as the one of whom we are about to speak. He is essentially a creature of his age ; and he is not a member of that great religious organization which has welded all the centuries of the Christian era, as it ought to have welded all the nations bearing the Christian name, into one. Yet the student of the past who takes the records of General Gordon's life, and compares them with those of the typical soldier of days which are often supposed to have been dedicated to spiritual belief and love, will feel himself constrained to declare that even in Israel he has not found a greater faith.

Charles Gordon,* to whom the English Government last month confided the task of restoring peace to the Soudan, belongs to a Scotch race. His father before him was a Lieutenant-General in the British army ; and his mother, whose maiden name was Enderby, belongs to a family whose whaling vessels were the first to frequent the Pacific round the dread-

* See Mr. Egmont Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon," published by Messrs. Remington and Co.

ful Horn, and from whom Charles Gordon has no doubt inherited some of that enterprise on which his very professional father was inclined to look coolly when it took the form of service under any flag except our own. After a boyhood passed at a school in Taunton and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he began his career as a Royal Engineer in 1854 by planning forts for Pembroke Haven. A few months later he was having hairbreadth escapes in the trenches before Sebastopol, whence he emerged decorated with the Legion of Honour. Early in 1856 the young officer went to Bessarabia to help in laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania; and a little later he was engaged in Armenia on a similar mission, where he remained, off and on, until the end of 1858, and where he made his first acquaintance with various uncivilized tribes.

The year 1859 found Gordon engaged on sufficiently prosaic duties—those of Field-work Instructor and Adjutant at Chatham; but in the July of 1860 he set out for China, there to encounter, in a little more than four years, more adventures than most soldiers meet with in the course of a life. The history of what is called the Tai-Ping Rebellion, which Gordon allied himself with the Imperial troops to suppress, is fully narrated by Mr. Hake, to whose volume we refer the reader. It is not with the details of his military enterprises, which are there so well narrated, that we here propose to deal, but rather with the moods of the soldier's mind and the spiritual mainsprings of his gallant acts. Suffice it to say that the Tai-Pings numbered hundreds of thousands, occupied a large territory, and were ruled by an ex-schoolmaster, Hung-tsue-s-chuen, who effaced the Confucian texts and broke the popular idols, and, having created for his creed a curious travesty of Christianity, was proclaimed by his adherents to be the Heavenly King, the Emperor of the Great Peace. Gordon's first task was to keep a thirty-mile radius round Shanghai

clear of the "rebels," and finally to follow them up into their furthest strongholds, and rout them utterly. In doing this he firmly believed that he was doing the work of a philanthropist by saving the lives and homes of a peasantry whom the Taipings periodically drove forth and plundered; though it must be owned that in the disorganization and cruelty of his Chinese allies Gordon found at times almost enough to put him out of love with his cause—a disgust which other great men have always felt in great causes, ill sustained by a corrupt and faltering world. A few incidents of the long and arduous campaign illustrate that phase of the General's personality which we have set ourselves to sketch.

One evening Gordon was seated solitarily on a bridge at Patachow, smoking a cigar, when two shots in succession struck the stone on which he sat. He thought it time to descend from his seat, and was rowing across the creek when the bridge gave way and fell into the river. The shots, he found, had been fired from his own camp by what others called accident, but by what Gordon felt to be the interposition of a Divine hand. This intimate conviction that the continuance of his life depended on a Power greater than any that could arise against it, made him indifferent to danger. He became a Soldier of Fortune—in the literal and noble sense of that term—for this very reason, that he was first a Soldier of Faith. In the most deadly engagements he would go to the front, amid showers of bullets, with no weapon except a little cane—"Gordon's magic wand of victory," as it came to be called. It was with this magic wand, too, that he beat back the treasure-bearers who brought him bowls of bullion on their heads from the Imperial Exchequer as a reward for his victories—victories which, however, had been poisoned for him by the brutality of his Imperialist allies. "Major Gordon," so runs his dignified memorandum, "receives the approbation of his Majesty the Emperor with every gratification, but regrets most sincerely that, owing to circumstances which have occurred, he

is unable to receive any mark of his Majesty the Emperor's recognition, and therefore respectfully begs his Majesty to receive his thanks for his intended kindness, and to allow him to decline the same." When he left China, however, he left it as a Mandarin of the highest order, and with another title of a less conventional kind, that of "Chinese Gordon," which clings to him even to this day.

Returning to England, Gordon quietly rejoined his corps, and, as Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, passed six of the most peaceful years of his stormy career. It is a period over which those who love the brethren will linger, rather than over the most stirring tale of bloody combat and conquest. "He lived wholly for others," says that recording angel of his who has not feared to dip a quill into printer's ink. "His house was school and hospital and almshouse in turn, and was more like the abode of a missionary than of a colonel of Engineers." The poor, the sick, the otherwise unfortunate, were ever welcome, and especially the young. For the boys employed on the waterside he started evening classes, reading to them himself, and attacking ignorance in them with as much ardour as he had shown before a more material foe in the Chinese trenches. The waifs he rescued from the gutter he fed and clothed, and kept with him in his house, calling them his "kings." His classes became so large as to be unwieldy, and he then disbanded them, but only to transfer his service as a teacher to the ragged schools. These, with the workhouse and the infirmary, were his almost daily haunts. His fare was of the plainest order—had it been more delicate, there would have been less to share with others. His garden was stocked with vegetables, the property of the poor people of the neighbourhood, to whom the plots were freely assigned. The many gifts of flowers and fruits which reached him merely passed through his hands to the hospital. One who saw much of him at this time, and who admired him for his military achievements, writes :—

"I told him that he might be justly proud of these things, but was answered that no man has a right to be proud of anything, inasmuch as he has no native good in him—he has received it all; and he maintained that all wearing of medals, adorning the body, or any form of self-glorification, was quite out of place. Also he said he had no right to possess anything, having once given himself to God. What was he to keep back? He knew no limit. He said to me, 'You, who profess the same, have no right to the gold chain you wear; it ought to be sold for the poor.' He told us the silver tea-service which he kept (a present from Sir William Gordon), would be sufficient to pay for his burial. To ask him to dinner would have been a great offence. He would say, 'Ask the poor and sick; don't ask me, who have enough.'"

Against the wearing of medals, by the way, Gordon's objections were not perhaps deep-rooted, except in so far as the medals represented capital which could be better employed. He wears several in the portrait—reproduced as a frontispiece—which represents him at a later date as Governor of the Soudan; but perhaps these were, in intrinsic value, about equal to the Medjidie decorations distributed by the Khedive at the end of those ill-starred "warlike operations" against Arabi. It was different with the gold medal given to Gordon by the Emperor of China. That he sold for ten pounds, sending the proceeds anonymously to relieve the sufferers in the Lancashire cotton famine. Similarly, when he left Gravesend in 1871, he presented a number of Chinese flags—the trophies of his victories—to his "kings" at the ragged schools.

As British Commissioner on the Danube, Gordon spent the next year or two. Then the Khedive—the miserable Ismail, for whose dancing-girls and gewgaws Egypt still sweats, and has lately poured out her blood—gained permission from the authorities at home to employ him in Egyptian service, and he succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. Thus began, in 1874, that period of service which embraced a little later the Governorship of the Soudan, and in which General Gordon made war until 1879 upon slavery, upon famine, and upon the cruel depredations practised by tribe on tribe. Into these five years, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a paper which has been largely responsible for the

re-sending of Gordon to those same difficult regions to-day—"his almost superhuman activity enabled him to compress the adventures and achievements of half a century." That is all history now; and here, as in the case of the Chinese campaign, we can pause only on a few incidents characteristic of the man. The Khedive proposed to give him £10,000 a year; he accepted only £2,000. He had other thoughts, strangers to an Ismail, in undertaking this dangerous mission. "No one," he says, "can conceive the utter misery of these lands, but I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people." He took warm personal interest in the natives who sought his aid, and in the slaves whom he caught in convoys and set free. "She had her tobacco up to the last," he writes of one poor old woman. "What a change from her misery! But I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth." He found at Shaka an Albino negress. "I shall give her to the convent at Obeid," he says; "for I know a male Albino negro in Darfour, and I shall try to marry the two." The only lamentations for which he had no ears were those of the defeated kidnappers. He had three narrow escapes—one from drowning, one from a deadly snake, and one from lightning: little incidents which hardly accentuated a life so set about with peril. A commission to settle some troubles in Abyssinia brought only the reflection, "I go up alone, with an Infinite, Almighty God to direct and guide me." The homage paid to him was almost a pain to him. "Eight or ten men help me off my camel," he says. "If I walk, every one gets off and walks; so, furious, I get on again." But he behaved, where he did not like to be treated, as a prince; for at his installation at Khartoum, where he was disgusted to have to occupy a palace as large as Marlborough House, he distributed a thousand pounds of his own money among the deserving poor. During one year he had ridden over nearly 4,000 miles of desert, his camels sometimes falling dead beneath him from

the heat of the sun. His famous ride—eighty-five miles were accomplished in a day and a half—right into the head-quarters of slavery at Dara, solitary and unarmed, was one of those feats inspired by a perfect confidence in the protection of Heaven. “Were it not,” he says, in the midst of other difficulties, “for the knowledge that He is Governor-General, I should not get on at all.”

Gordon returned from his labours in the Soudan a Pasha, with the appellation of “The Uncrowned King.” Soon after, in the May of 1878, it was announced that he had accepted the post of private secretary to the new Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Ripon. One can very easily understand the attraction which the Statesman of Faith found in the Soldier of Faith; and, not less easily, the unfitness of Gordon for a life so hampered round by officialism. It was hardly a surprise, therefore, when a letter came from Bombay announcing his early resignation in terms which we shall quote in full, inasmuch as they have been shorn of half their import (doubtless to preserve a due sense of proportion) in Mr. Egmont Hake’s teeming pages.

“Men at times, owing to the mysteries of Providence, form judgments which they afterwards repent of. This is my case in accepting the appointment Lord Ripon honoured me in offering. I repented of my act as soon as I had accepted the appointment, and I deeply regret that I had not the moral courage to say so at the time. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and consideration with which Lord Ripon has treated me. I have never met any one with whom I could have felt greater sympathy in the arduous task he has undertaken. God has blessed India and England in giving Lord Ripon the Viceroyalty. He will succeed in spite of all obstacles, for God is with him, and who shall stand against Him? I might have gone up to Simla. I might have quietly pleaded all sorts of excuses for my return, but they would have been false, and would have been unfair to Lord Ripon. I have preferred to state at once publicly what I have done, to take the entire blame, which I richly deserve, on myself; and to my critics I reply by this question: Have they never themselves realized what it is to have made a mistake? If so, let them cast the stone. Depend on it that this vast country will find, in spite of all obstacles, great as they may be, that the rule of Lord Ripon will be blessed, for he will rule in the strength of the Lord, not of man.”

A mission to China, where he worked to avert a collision

with Russia which was thought by many to be then imminent, occupied him till 1881, in the winter of which year he visited Ireland. His views about that country were expressed at the time in a letter to a friend, which we lay before our readers the more readily, inasmuch as it also finds no place in the otherwise comprehensive volume of General Gordon's biographer. He writes :

"My idea is that, seeing—through this cause or that it is immaterial to examine—a deadlock has occurred between the present landlords and tenants, the Government should purchase up the rights of the landlords over the whole or the greater part of Longford, Westmeath, Clare, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Leitrim, Sligo, Mayo, Cavan, and Donegal. The yearly rental of these districts is some four millions ; if the Government give the landlords twenty years' purchase it would cost eighty millions, which at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would give a yearly interest of £2,800,000, of which £2,500,000 could be recovered ; the lands would be Crown lands ; they would be administered by a land commission, who would be supplemented by an emigration commission which might for a short time need £100,000. This would not injure the landlords, and so far as it is an interference with proprietary rights, it is as just as is the law which forces Lord A. to allow a railway through his park for the public benefit. I would restrain the landlords from any power or control in these Crown land districts. Poor-law, roads, schools, &c., should be under the Land Commission.

"In conclusion, I must say, from all accounts and my own observations, that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made as we are, that they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation, in places in which we would not keep our cattle.

"The Bulgarians, Anatolians, Chinese, and Indians are better off than many of them are. The priests alone have any sympathy with their sufferings, and, naturally, alone have a hold over them. In these days, in common justice, if we endow a Protestant University, why should we not endow a Catholic University in a Catholic country ? Is it not as difficult to get a £5 note from a Protestant as from a Catholic or Jew ? Read the letters of — and of —, and tell me if you see in them any particle of kind feeling towards the tenantry ; and if you have any doubts about this, investigate the manner in which the Relief Fund was administered, and in which the sums of money for improvements of estates by landlords were expended.

"In 1833 England gave freedom to the West Indian slaves at a cost of twenty millions—worth now thirty millions. This money left the country. England got nothing for it. By an expenditure of eighty millions she may free her own people. She would have the hold over the land, and she would cure a cancer. I am not well off, but I would offer — or his agent £1,000, if

either of them would live one week in one of these poor devils' places, and feed as these people do. Our comic prints do an infinity of harm by their caricatures : firstly, the caricatures are not true, for the crime in Ireland is not greater than that in England ; and secondly, they exasperate the people on both sides of the Channel, and they do no good.

"It is ill to laugh and scoff at a question which affects our existence."

After some coquettings from the King of the Belgians about an International Expedition to the Congo—coquettings renewed at a later date—General Gordon proceeded to Mauritius, where he remained as Commanding Royal Engineer for ten months. It was a peaceful time, giving him leisure to study the Seychelles and to develop his theories as to the site of the Garden of Eden. Then followed the abortive mission to the Cape to restore Basutoland to peace—a restoration to be accomplished only by following certain primal principles which have no record in the portfolios of Colonial Ministers, and are far removed from the traditions of commercial settlers and of effete officials. Five months later found him at Mount Carmel—happy to be alone, and to make surveys of the sites of the Holy Sepulchre, the Tabernacle, and the walls of Jerusalem, and to strengthen his faith in those maxims which have all along ruled his life. "All I can say is, that amidst troubles and worries no one can have peace until he stays upon his God ; it gives a man a superhuman strength." "There would be no one so unwelcome to come and reside in the world as Christ, while the world is in the state it is in now." "Happiness is to be obtained by submission to the will of God. He who can say he realizes this, has overcome the world and its trials." In the same spirit he had said, during his work in the Soudan : "It is great, but it does not weigh me down. I feel my own weakness, but look to Him who is Almighty, and I leave the issue to Him." Well may his biographer ask : "What to a spirit thus tempered are the kingdoms of the world ?"

And to the Soudan he has returned, to reduce, if he can, to order that chaos which ill government there, and blunders

here, have produced. It is not enough to be told by those who stamped out Egyptian freedom in the summer of 1882, that it is easy to be wise after the event. It was easy to be wise before. To those who sowed the wind, voices were raised in solemn warning of the inevitably impending whirlwind. Already the threat is beginning to take effect—that threat which Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, with metaphor dragged, after the manner of the inspired prophets of ages past, from the last abyss of human degradation, has uttered against England:—

“Thou wentest to this Egypt for thy pleasure ;
Thou shalt remain with her for thy sore pain.
Thou hast possessed her beauty. Thou wouldst leave her.
Nay : thou shalt lie with her as thou hast lain.
“She shall bring shame upon thy face with all men ;
She shall disease thee with her grief and fear.
Thou shalt grow sick and feeble in her ruin ;
Thou shalt repay her to the last sad tear.”

Even so has it come to pass, and that quickly. Before the words in which they repudiated the responsibility of the government of Egypt had died from their lips, English Ministers were constrained to despatch General Gordon to the Soudan with a commission from Downing Street, and not from a palace whose “walls are infamous with beauty” in Alexandria.

Perhaps it may be that in General Gordon shall be found a deliverer from a position into which we have drifted through folly, but in which we can persevere only with crime. The recall of Arabi from his exile, the welding together again of those shattered forces of elementary freedom which, when united, will create a Commonwealth, strong alike against the internal tyrant and against the marauder at the gates—these are deeds which are not impossible to a man of General Gordon’s hidden source of strength. For a just man is mightier than an army ; and to him only who, in his fellows, serves his God, shall we look for the friend and helper of the peoples.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

Consistency.

A CONSISTENT man is one who is true to himself, unchanging and always the same. To call a man consistent is to praise him, because consistency is always, or at least is properly, used in a good sense. To call a man inconsistent is to blame him, and to imply a kind of practical unveracity, instability, weakness, or proneness to be swayed by influence or by interest. Aristotle says, that men can be good only in one way, but bad in many ways. Consistency, therefore, is the sameness of good men; and inconsistency is the mutability of bad men, or of men not wholly good. To say that a man is consistent in evil or wrong, is to liken him to a very dark original.

In its etymology, consistency means coherence, as by an intrinsic law which holds things together, or by which a man holds himself together. The Greeks called such a man "a four-cornered man," a square man; as Tennyson says of the Iron Duke, that "he stood four square to all the winds that blew." But the Latins called him, *totus teres atque rotundus*—a round man. They called everything square except the moral nature of men—letters, verses, speeches, and even the body, but not the mind. We use both metaphors; for we describe perverse misgovernment as "putting round men into square holes, and square men into round holes."

Now, consistency is a virtue; but it may be a vice, and a disease.

As to the virtue of consistency, it implies that the character of a man has been formed round a central truth with which the continuous accretions of habit intimately cohere; or rather from which, as from the heart of an oak, all the rings in its

growing bulk steadily expand. To a man brought up in truth, philosophical, moral, or religious, consistency—if he be sincere—is of easy acquisition. His whole mind is formed upon a centre which can never be moved. And the fixity of this first law of his life gives to his moral action what an axiom gives to intellectual speculation—that is, a steady, unchanging rule. But consistency is chiefly an acquisition of the will. Men are often intellectually very great, and morally very little; for intellectual greatness depends chiefly on the brain, and moral greatness on the will. But no amount of will can make a character consistent, if the brain be contradictory, or inconsequent. A scatterbrain never goes twice by the same path; he straggles and loses himself in contrarities; and is always doing what Hotspur wished to do, “divide himself and go to buffets.” Nothing can be willed which is not first known. It must be an object of the intelligence before it can be a subject of the will; for to will is a deliberate and positive resolution of intelligence and volition united. It is this deliberation and union of intellectual and moral powers that forms a consistent life. Some men have by nature clearer brains and stronger wills than others, and they start with advantage over other men.

But, after all, consistency is an acquired habit, and of slow growth. What, then, are the conditions necessary for its acquisition? Right and fixed principles of faith and morals; sincerity, as against all equivocations and pretences; simplicity, as against all eager running after many things; singleness of aim, as excluding fear or fondness for the world and its good word or will; with contentment in the peace of a good conscience. Add to this, high temper enough not to be trifled with; honest pride enough not to seek for popularity; temperance enough to resist the fascinations of flattery and admiration; and fortitude enough not to evade a painful duty, or to draw back in a conflict for truth or right. Such a character

will steadily grow into a consistent whole, and into perfect harmony with itself. What it is within, it will be without. What it appears without, it will be within. Its words are its thoughts : and its thoughts and words are equivalent ; and its acts are at one with both. It is the same always, in every place, in all societies of men. It receives no stain or colour from them, but leaves its own marks, or even its full impression, upon them.

We may be asked : Who ever came up to this ideal ? Many we hope ; but it is not easy to give examples, except from a sphere which is out of the reach of us common men. Let us come lower down. How few men carry to the end of life the opinions, or the character with which they begin. For instance : the younger Pitt, after long years of large and popular policy in his first administration, ended by resisting all reform in his second. Sir Francis Burdett, who began life as a Radical of dangerous vehemence, died an old English Tory. Sir Robert Peel, after opposing Catholic Emancipation, and defending the Corn Laws, ended by emancipating Catholics and abolishing the Corn Laws. Mr. Gladstone began a Church-and-State Tory. How he will end, who can tell ? He has disestablished one Church, and may have to disestablish two more. And for his Toryism, Mr. Bright is his godfather. Lord Beaconsfield is charged with beginning as a Radical, and ending as a Tory. Nevertheless he never passed through the mutabilities of other great men. Now, inconsistent as all these outwardly seem, there may be a thread of continuity by which their ending may be united, by the admission of a new premiss, with their beginning ; and their ending may have a legitimate lineal descent from their outset. A man is not inconsistent who, upon good reason shown, changes his conviction and his course. Rather he would be inconsistent if, seeing the rational evidence for change, he were to refuse to change his mind. Some men are like an army resting on its base, firm and immovable. You

can foretell what they will do. Others are like a flying column, of whose movements and direction you can make no forecasts. They may be consistent all through, though appearances are against them, as they who, from first principles and elementary truths, work out the whole science of secular or sacred truth, its unity, harmony, and fulness. They have never changed, or been inconsistent with themselves, or with their past. They have but expanded with uniform growth, and filled up with consistent acquisition the whole outline of knowledge or of faith.

So far, consistency is a virtue. How can it ever be a vice? The word in itself has no exclusive meaning either of good or bad. Like *meritum* in Latin, it is neutral. But in what way can fixity of conviction, character, or conduct through a long career, be a vice? Whensoever any man resists the reasons which justify or demand a change, he is inconsistent with the primary law of truth. If, then, he has been consistent with his reason and conscience until then, he is inconsistent with his former self now. If he has not been consistent with these laws of our moral being in the past, he is consistent in his insincerity. And such consistency is a supreme vice. To be consistently at variance with the light of reason and with the dictates of conscience, is to be hollow, false, and immoral. When we call a man unprincipled, we mean that he is an anarchy in himself. There is no law, rule, government, or authority to sustain him in doing right, or to restrain him from doing wrong. As interest, passion, or temptation takes him, so he becomes. He is not his own master. The consistency of a bad man is consistent badness; and of a false man, is consistent falsehood. It is the uniformity of a bad life, and uniform persistence in evil is the highest reach of vice.

But we may hope that such men are few. There is, however, a consistency which is a disease. Some men will never do anything which they have never done before. It would be inconsistent with their past; it would be out of

keeping with their ideal. So it would be if a Chinese tailor, as we are told, should make a new coat without patching the elbow—the Celestial Empire having never seen an aboriginal sleeve. There is a pedantic uniformity about some people, especially of the prim and proper school of goodness, which is a sort of moral red-tapism. “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,” is the rule of their life; and they set themselves against the incursion of inventions, improvements, and useful discoveries, howsoever good, because they are new, and inconsistent with the uniformity of their past habits in life. To this amiable pertinacity we owe many interesting survivals of old ways, suggestive of a high antiquity, and picturesque, but deplorably inconvenient—such as obsolete spelling, Gothic inscriptions, and the glacial curfew which, in spite of the thermometer, extinguishes fires after Lady Day.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

St. George for Sheffield!

N OBODY has seen England who has not seen the forges of the North. From Middlesbrough to Barrow, and from the Tyne to the Trent, stretch the long smokes of the furnaces which have wrought such change in old Northumbria, England, and the world. If the Dawn Angel of the Proem to "Romola" had travelled "with broad, slow wing" from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea in the autumn of 1883, he would have beheld a very different sight from the one he saw in the mid-spring of 1492. But though much of the outward beauty of his journey had departed, the human interest would remain the same. "The great river-courses, which have shaped the lives of men, have hardly 'changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors." Only another page of the same old history is unfolded—the long, long story of "hunger and labour, seed-time and harvest, love and death." But seed-time and harvest have now a wider significance. There are still broad farm-lands; but other labourers reap another harvest. Iron and coal are the new fruit of the soil. And although in this wide tract cotton and cloth are made in large quantity, ironwork is more suited to the genius of a strong-handed race; and welding and delving make manlier men than do weaving and spinning.

We cannot leave our Angel on the heights that overlook the Florence of the fifteenth century. We must part with him on some hills, still fair, that buttress the backbone of England, and run down to a town of the nineteenth century. In the southern part of the great district of which I speak, stands the town of Sheffield, famous for its cutlers, its armour-platers, its workers

in silver, its sturdy Dissenters, and its local accent. Interesting as the great laborious towns must always be to those who study the signs of the times, Sheffield has just now a special and even a personal claim on the attention of thoughtful people. Professor Ruskin, whose genius and whose teachings most of us regard with reverence and gratitude, has chosen Sheffield as the site of the St. George's Museum, in which will be found the consummation of all that has been hitherto striven for in his writings. Let us quote the Professor's own words: "I am now frequently asked why I chose Sheffield for the museum rather than any other town. The answer is a simple one: that I acknowledge ironwork as an art always necessary and useful to man; and English work in iron as masterful of its kind. I know scarcely any other branch of manufacture in which England could even hope to surpass, or in which it is even her duty to strive for equality with, the skill of other countries. Asiatics and Italians must always take the lead in colour design; French craftsmen in facility and fineness of handling, whether the work be in wood, stone, porcelain, or gold; and I hope that cotton will eventually be spun and woven where it is grown, or at least by races capable of no manlier business. But what iron we need for sword, tool, or plough-share, we shall be able, I trust, to forge for ourselves. Not for this reason only, however, but because Sheffield is in Yorkshire; and Yorkshire yet, in the main temper of its inhabitants, old English, and capable therefore yet of the ideas of Honesty and Piety by which Old England lived. Finally, because Sheffield is within easy reach of beautiful natural scenery, and of the best art of English hands at Lincoln, York, Durham, Selby, Fountains, Bolton, and Furness. For these great primary reasons, including many others, I have placed our first museum there; in good hope also that other towns far and near, when they see how easily such a thing can be done, will have their museums of the same kind, as no less useful to them than their

churches, gasometers, or libraries for circulating rubbish." Let us visit the scene of an experiment so generous yet withal so practical.

There is a certain grandeur in any general view of Sheffield. It is built on countless hills, and the houses rise in ridge beyond ridge, like great grey waves, laden with towers and chimneys, and "all o'er canopied" with dark coal smoke. This wonderful smoke rolls its black battalions up the neighbouring heights and throws out skirmishers of light and writhing clouds, as though it would conquer the everlasting hills. But a nearer view falsifies our expectations. "Our grand old town," as I have heard it called by an enthusiastic inhabitant, is rather an impostor. Certainly the parish church of St. Peter has a spire of the Perpendicular period of exquisite proportion, admirably placed in a spacious churchyard; and there are some scanty remains of the historic castle. But nothing else in the town is older than the eighteenth century; and the modern inhabitants have for the most part contented themselves with throwing together mean and ugly dwellings, which either clamber up the steep ascents, or wallow in the coal dust of the valleys where the dirty rivers flow, amid the constant thunder of the great works; for Sheffield is the centre of a watershed, and many streams are confluent in the town itself. Though it could never be a symmetrical, Sheffield might be at least a picturesque, town. But little public spirit has directed even its municipal buildings: its Town Hall is the least worthy Hôtel de Ville I have ever seen in a wealthy borough; its shops are little better. There have recently been attempts to pull down and rebuild; but, with the exception of some rather flaunting "stores," nothing has yet resulted except waste places, and revelations of buildings that had hitherto sought and achieved concealment with good reason. Luckily a rich company and a great landlord have conferred on the town a little admirable architecture, overwhelmed and almost

lost though it be amidst sordid surroundings. Nevertheless, all the labour and money-hunting energy that have resulted in such disastrous ugliness have also produced, in the suburbs at least, a proportion of solid comfort, of British respectability, and, though in small quantity, of considerable display. Owing to its admirable formation for the purpose, the land quickly shuts out all view of the working parts of the town; and, rising, partly lifts the houses out of the cloud that overlaps the great works, and holds their sandstone fronts towards the sun and the south-west. Here the makers and merchants inhale the bracing breath of the neighbouring Derbyshire Moors, and may live a life as gay and refined as their own tastes, the sombre climate, and the immediate neighbourhood of the Brightside Valley will permit. These prosperous people have not been so lucky in their architecture as in their situation; and there is little to please the amateur of good building in their innumerable villas. There is, however, one remarkable exception: on the road that leads through a wild and romantic country to Manchester, a Sheffield merchant has built a house in which nature and art combine to make a place wherein it would be possible for the most fastidious house-lover "at ease, for aye to dwell."

The life of the middle classes is signalized by a nearly perfect monotony throughout the country. The characteristics of the two extremes of society are more marked, and are subject to greater varieties in manners and customs. Certainly the working men of Sheffield are a class apart. Many of them are gifted with a quaint and unusual vein of humour, and their amusements are very much their own. It is to the artisans of Sheffield that Professor Ruskin more particularly presents his museum.

"Here I am," he says, "ready to arrange such a museum for their artisans as they have not yet dreamed of; not dazzling nor overwhelming, but comfortable, useful, and—in such sort as

smoke-cumbered skies may admit—beautiful, making the interior a working man's Bodleian Library, with cell and shelf of the most available kind, undisturbed for his holiday time. The British public are not likely to get such a thing done by any one else for a time, if they don't get it done now by me, when I'm in the humour for it ; very positively I can assure them of that ; and so leave the matter to their decision."

One way, and it is scarcely a bad way, of forming an opinion of the character of a people, is to study their amusements. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday are the days which are devoted by the gayer spirits to "bread and the games." Saturday is largely given up to football and to foot-racing. Sheffield handicaps are celebrated throughout the sporting world. Men, in the costume of Adam in the engravings of Albert Dürer, run towards a tape, amid the frantic yells of their supporters ; and for many, of course, the evening ends in the jovialities of the public-house. Saturday night in the streets of Sheffield presents a remarkable sight. They are densely crowded by men and their wives, and by young people ; the butchers' shops are crammed ; loud-voiced auctioneers are selling their wares, and the gas flares over shops of ready-made clothes and black armies of boots. There is not much that is handsome or graceful, but there is much that tells of hard toil and of domestic carefulness. If, on a Sunday afternoon, the curious visitor should take a walk up the road towards Eckington (most of the Sheffield roads go upwards), he will probably meet men carrying large flat baskets, and from time to time something in the air will whizz past him like a bullet. He will, if he be fortunate, when he reaches a high pass that overlooks the town, encounter a group of men, many carrying baskets, and one, at least, a watch. Soon one of the baskets is opened, and a beautiful blue-grey bird is brought out. He is held for a short time in the hands of his owner, that he may see his surroundings, while his neck cranes towards home, and his red eyes stare at the

gloomy landscape, in which the early lamps are beginning to sparkle. At a given moment, amid a loud shout, the bird is launched upon his flight. Instantly he darts down the straight road, flying low and direct, and swift as a bolt, towards his home in some poor house hanging on the steep of Sheffield Park. This is a pigeon-race which is taking place while the bells are ringing for evening service, and the respectabilities of the town are crowding along the superior streets towards church and chapel.

Monday is largely devoted to dog-racing and to rabbit-coursing; the latter sport consists in letting rabbits loose in an enclosed space, and in slipping the dogs upon them after a certain law has been allowed to them. The following is an account from a local newspaper which might be read on any Tuesday in the year:—

“About 300 spectators were attracted to Newhall Grounds by a coursing match between Malley’s Rose and Woodward’s Spot, who ran the best of 21 courses, 60 yards’ law, for £30. Rose was thought to possess such an undeniable chance, that odds of 22 to 20 were betted on her proving successful. At the conclusion of the thirteenth course, the scores stood: Rose, 7; Spot, 6. Afterwards, Spot fell all to pieces, and Rose proving successful in the remaining courses, scored an easy victory by catching eleven to Spot’s six. S. Moore was slipper and Squire Marsland referee.”

The record may be handed down with some confidence to the disgust of a not distant posterity.

The late Mr. Firth might be called the Cosmo de’ Medici of Sheffield. He presented, among other benefactions, a college to the town. We have seen in a partial sort of way the manner in which many of the townsmen spend their leisure: let us again quote a local journal (which is presumably not too hard on the inhabitants) to see how they do *not* spend their leisure:—

"The Council of the College have commenced another series of popular Saturday evening lectures in order to attract the Sheffield workmen to the College ; but, although the price of admission is as low as twopence, the attendance is very small. It is quite clear that neither the artisans of Sheffield nor their employers properly estimate the value of such technical education as that which is given at the College ; if they did, we should see the classes filled with artisan students, and numerous employers paying the fees of promising apprentices. If, instead of a science lecture, illustrated by experiments, an entertainment, consisting of comic songs and nigger minstrel performances, were given at a similarly low price, the lecture-hall would probably be crowded."

Of course there is another side of the life of Sheffield : the side of patient labour, the side of domestic virtues, the side of the religious emotions. All these good things flourish in Sheffield as they do, thank God, throughout the land. These are things which come barely within the scope of such an account as this ; St. George's Museum will only exist side by side with their good influence ; they will continue although barbarous furniture, jerry-built houses, and the absence of all other sweetness and light should go on for ever.

To this town, so human in its defects and its virtues, so gifted by Nature in spite of itself, Professor Ruskin, under the auspices of the Guild he has founded, has presented a collection of some of the most delicate productions of art, and has given cabinets which contain precious stones into which Nature herself has wrought the colours of her sunsets, or on which she has written the history of her transformations. There are exquisite illuminations of the mediæval time ; modern books full of water-colour illustrations ; some noble Albert Dürers ; a Verrocchio Madonna ; and many copies of the purest art of Florence and Venice. There is a splendid study in colour of the west front of St. Mark's, and many other treasures are

crammed into the little room which at present forms the museum. This room is part of a very small house situated at Walkley, on the side of the hill away from Sheffield, and overlooking the valleys of the Don, and the Loxley, and Rivelin glen, and the splendid ridges that intervene. Professor Ruskin asks the people of Sheffield to provide a fitting house for these and other treasures which may come in the future. Something like a year and a half had elapsed since the last appeal, and nothing had been done worth mentioning, when, at a meeting held in the Council Chamber in October, 1883, some hopeful signs might be perceived, and certain thoughtful men of Sheffield showed their appreciation of the offer. Since then the mayor has written to the following effect: "In putting the proposal before the public, I feel that while the institution may be considered national, or perhaps cosmopolitan in its character, yet it is upon the citizens of Sheffield we must first and chiefly rely for promptly meeting in an adequate manner the requirements of the case, so that Professor Ruskin's generous offer may be embraced with as little as possible of further delay." These words, coming from a man of business, and the chief civic representative of the town, had a sound full of hope and action. In November, another meeting, convened by the mayor, was held in the Council Hall, at which it was decided to raise a guarantee fund of £5,000, which is all that Professor Ruskin asks for on the part of Sheffield. It was intimated that the mayor would, if necessary, be himself responsible for that amount; but he suggested that it would be better that ten of the leading inhabitants should guarantee £500 each. This important preliminary being arranged, it was further settled that subscriptions, from the many pounds of the rich to the shilling of the working man, should be solicited. The meeting, which was presided over with great tact by the mayor, whose confidence in the success of the undertaking was quite inspiring, perfectly vindi-

cated the town from any imputation of indifference to the unique gift proffered to it.

It may, then, be considered as a settled matter that Sheffield will possess Professor Ruskin's museum. Fortunate Sheffield! Its toilers will have a place of refreshment and solace; the light that shone upon old Florence will brighten the northern town; the genius of Venice will inspire its young men of talent—and there is much raw material of good work among these people of the North. In the jewel-room, the pigeon-flyers of Sheffield Park, should they wish it, shall see even “a livelier iris” than “changes on the burnished dove.” The history of the peoples who produced these glorious works will naturally be an object of study; and it may come to pass that some future historian of Hallamshire will have to apply to it the eulogium passed upon Florence by the historian of Lorenzo the Magnificent: “Earnest in the acquisition of wealth, indefatigable in improving their manufactures and extending their commerce, the Florentines seem not, however, to have lost sight of the true dignity of man, or of the proper objects of his regard.” (Roscoe's “Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.”) “I TRUST IN THE NOBLENES OF HUMAN NATURE, IN THE MAJESTY OF ITS FACULTIES, THE FULNESS OF ITS MERCY, AND THE JOY OF ITS LOVE.” (Extract from the Creed of St. George's Guild.)

The work of St. George's Guild is not confined to the institution of the museum. It includes a much wider scheme of benevolence and hopefulness. These are Professor Ruskin's words: “This Guild was originally founded with the intention of showing how much food-producing land might be recovered by well-applied labour from the barren or neglected districts of nominally cultivated countries.” After pointing out the methods by which this result was to be achieved, Professor Ruskin continues: “The objects to be attained were so manifestly desirable, and the means proposed so consistent with the most sacred traditions of England, that I firmly hoped

that the work would soon be taken out of my hands by men of means and position, whose experience would enable them to act with certainty and success." After explaining how these hopes were disappointed, he goes on to say: "The business of the Guild has been therefore allowed by me to linger on, failing continually—and often grotesquely—in minor accidents from want of my personal attention." Nevertheless, various works in connection with the Guild are in progress, and to aid him in these Professor Ruskin appeals to those who care for their fellow-creatures. Foremost among these is "a water-mill for the manufacture of honest thread into honest cloth," intended for the employment of women and the feeble. A plot of "waste land" has been purchased "to try the present conditions of fruit and vegetable supply to large towns. This land is now fairly brought into heart, and will supply good fruit (strawberries, currants, and gooseberries) to the Sheffield markets at a price both moderate and fixed. I have, further, the intention of putting some part of ground under glass, and of cultivating for botanical study any beautiful plants which may in their tropical forms illustrate the operation of climate in our own familiar English species." For this special purpose, Professor Ruskin will be glad to receive subscriptions from those interested in botanical education.

A piece of rocky ground near Barmouth has been given to the Guild, and also twenty acres of land in one of the loveliest districts of Worcestershire. But it is in the neighbourhood of his own village of Coniston that Professor Ruskin has been best able to show the results of the kind of work which it has been his chief purpose for the last twenty years to initiate. Here are many tracks of mountain ground at present waste, and the Professor has set to work on his own land in the following manner:—

"Leaving the emergent crags, the bosquets of heath, and the

knolls of good sheep-pasture untouched, as well as the deeper pieces of morass which are the proper receptacles of rainfall and sources of perennial streams, I have attacked only the plots of rank marsh grass which uselessly occupy the pieces of irregular level at the banks of the minor rivulets and the ledges of rock that have no drainage outlet. The useless marsh grass, and the soil beneath it, I have literally turned upside-down by steady spade-labour, stripping the rock-surfaces absolutely bare (though under accumulations of soil often five or six feet deep), passing the whole of this loose soil well under the spade; cutting outlets for the standing water beneath as the completely-seen conformation of the rock directed me, and then terracing the ledges, where necessary, to receive the returned ground. I am thus carrying, step by step, down the hill a series of little garden grounds, of which, judging by the extreme fruitfulness of the piece of the same slope already made the main garden of Brantwood, a season or two will show the value to my farmer neighbours, and very sufficiently explain the future functions of St. George's Guild in British mountain ground of ordinary character."

This agricultural work is "the business nearest my heart of all I am engaged in," says Professor Ruskin, and with good reason. In all our large towns the same great trouble is arising, clear and terrible—the necessity of providing healthful occupation and comfortable housing for our too abounding population. I have been accustomed, in walking westward along Piccadilly in the small hours of morning, to see, during the winter months, poor wretches sitting by the draughty railings of the Green Park, and, during summer time, to hear the same poor people "garrulous under a roof of" plane-trees, as dawn is brightening the palaces of that thoroughfare; and during my visit to Sheffield I had the opportunity of accompanying a member of a Brotherhood which devotes itself to visiting the poor, upon his rounds. I saw the noisome courts saturated with foul water, the wretched rooms with broken panes in their small windows, and the forlorn mites of humanity that take

their pastime amid these surroundings. The agricultural labourer is lucky beside his brother of the towns. I have seen dwellings, in themselves miserable as these, on the Sussex hills ; but their inhabitants have the compensation of breathing air salt from the Gulf Stream or soft from the Downs ; and the little window quarries that are not stuffed with rags or straw look out on a divine horizon and a garden valley. Is it not grievous to think that the foetid and crowded back lanes of Sheffield are within a few miles of the sparsely-peopled Peak, where the grouse call to one another on misty mornings, and the air is strong and sweet ? Professor Ruskin cries out in his compassion, in "*Fors Clavigera* :—" "I will endure it no longer quietly ; but henceforward, with any or few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery." Articles are written in the magazines and in the newspapers, and cartoons appear in *Punch*, treating of this ever-increasing poverty and wretchedness, and nothing comes of them. But in Professor Ruskin we have one who has deeply thought out the causes of this misery, and who offers a practical remedy, which, even if it should prove only partially successful, is surely well worth trying. There must be many rich people who are anxious to assist the outcasts and the victims of our civilization, if they only saw a means of doing it. There are countless wealthy municipalities and corporations who patch and palter with this cruel and dangerous state of things, and give in-door and out-door relief and coal-tickets. But the St. George's Guild, if it could be taken up "by men of means and position" throughout the whole country, offers to all who need it healthful and useful occupation ; and, above all, brings back to the fields and to the fresh air the thousands who have overcrowded our towns, where their wretchedness and squalor must go on increasing. A few more words in explanation of the purposes of the Guild, from the lips of a Member, will bring me to an end. Under the laws of St. George's Guild, the rent of the farmer is

fixed for life "if he conform to the requirements of the Guild, but is diminished for every improvement he makes on the land. The rents do not go to any private interest or dividend, but are paid back to the tenants in the shape of improvements of the Guild lands generally. No one is allowed to live in squalor or wretchedness, the first business of the Guild being to see that its tenants have the necessary conditions of healthy and happy life. The labourers under the Guild farmers are paid fixed wages, unalterable, undiminished in time of sickness; and, when unable to work, they will think it no more shame to live on a pension from the Guild than a Government official thinks shame to take a pension from his Government. On each estate the Guild provides the means of intellectual and physical recreation as well as education. The children are trained on the lines of education laid down for them by the founder of the Guild."

BERNARD WHELAN.

A Jaunt with Justice.

IT was with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction that one evening last June I dropped into the Temple pillar-box a letter addressed to one of Her Majesty's Judges of the High Court of Justice, accepting the post of Marshal on a summer circuit. The prospect of a five or six weeks' holiday—for I anticipated nothing less—before the legitimate Long Vacation commenced, was pleasant enough ; and the presence of the kindly gentleman whom I had counted among my friends before his elevation to the Bench, to say nothing of the welcome fee, were additions rendering that prospect wholly delightful.

The few weeks which elapsed between my acceptance of the post and the beginning of the circuit were spent in daily visits to the tailor, hatter, and outfitter from whom, on the strength of the aforesaid fee, an extensive trousseau was ordered. I cannot look back upon that short period without a shudder ; the hat, which was first too large, then too small, and which, in the process of enlargement, mysteriously developed a brim that would have cheered a Quaker's heart, but nearly broke mine ; the coat, which fitted beautifully in Bond Street, but lost two inches round the chest on the way home ; the trousers, more voluminous in one leg than the other. But the time came at last when, attired in the best of my new clothes, I drove up to the station where I was to meet the two Judges and my brother Marshal. That an unusual "fitting" was about to take place was evident. Blue and red bags were lying about in inconvenient heaps. Somewhat seedy but eminently legal looking personages were strolling about the platform in parties of three and four. Porters were preternaturally civil, and the guard was abject. As I alighted from

the cab, my luggage was seized by a long thin aged man who, after informing me that he was my servant, disappeared with it, and I saw neither again until we reached our journey's end. On the platform I found my Judge, who welcomed me most cordially, and in the same breath requested me to get the *Nineteenth Century* and the *World*. Having accomplished this my first duty in my responsible position satisfactorily, I entered the carriage reserved for us to see if all was comfortable, while the Judge chatted with several leaders of the circuit. Here I was joined by the Judge's butler who, with the air of a grand seigneur, pressed two railway tickets into my hand. The next excitement was the arrival of the other Judge and Marshal. In appearance they were a fitting pendant to my Judge and to me. We were conspicuous by our intense respectability, being wearers of the ordinary high hat, and orthodox black coat, while they had a "chic" which I was conscious we lacked. His lordship, who wore a white hat and waistcoat, had a refreshingly Derby Day air, and his Marshal also was in a light suit.

All told, the judicial establishment on circuit is a large one. There are the two Judges, their Marshals, four clerks—each Judge having two—two Judge's butlers, two Marshal's men, and the cook and his assistant. Thus did "My Lords, the Queen's Justices," to use the words of the proclamation, set out one morning in July, to administer the Queen's justice in the towns named in the commission issued for that purpose. The journey was made pleasant by a delicious luncheon, which was provided by the junior Judge (mine was senior, having mounted the bench three or four days before his learned colleague) and was amply done justice to by the whole party, especially the Marshals, who had barely finished before we arrived at the cathedral town which was our destination.

Here the greatest excitement prevailed. A cordon of police kept back the eager crowd; while the High Sheriff of the

county, a frail nervous little man, in a hussar uniform, with a busby nearly as big as himself, waited on the platform, accompanied by the Under-Sheriff (a local solicitor), a rubicund chaplain, the Mayor of the Borough, and several satellites with white wands. At first there was some little difficulty in finding the learned Judges, the grandees on the platform having on the arrival of the train fallen victims to the demon of fuss. They began by making a dash at a third-class carriage, but retired before a very forcible remark from its only occupant, a navvy smoking the pipe of peace in the corner. Then followed what looked like a paper-chase up the platform, led by the Mayor and High Sheriff, and followed by the other officials, who frantically besieged every carriage but ours, from which they were perhaps repelled by the junior Judge's white hat. At last, and not a moment too soon, for a giggle or two had already arisen from the crowd, the Judges declared themselves and were thereupon seized and carried off in triumph.

The procession to the Judge's lodgings was imposing. First came two trumpeters who, at intervals, generally the corner of some street, delivered themselves of a blare, which to nervous minds conjured up visions of an event always alluded to by the chaplain in his assize sermon. Then, the Sheriff's carriage, a gorgeous conveyance, surrounded by police and javelin men, and drawn by four horses; next, the Mayor's carriage, only second in splendour to the Sheriff's, followed by the broughams of the city and county Under-Sheriffs, in whose wake might be seen the cook in a four-wheeler. While the Judge who opens the Commission is robing himself, the county and city dignitaries are entertained in the drawing-room by the Marshals. This interval is, it must be confessed, rather a bad quarter of an hour. Suitable topics of conversation are difficult to find on so short an acquaintance. The officials are recovering from the effects of the paper-chase, and have barely regained their breath, much less their brains. The High Sheriff and the

Mayor, as representing county and borough, do not appear to fraternize ; at any rate, they do not help the situation. It is unfortunate, to say the least, to ask the Mayor, as I did, if he has had much trouble with the Salvation Army, and then to be told by the Under-Sheriff, in a stage whisper, that his worship is a lance-corporal in the local corps. The High Sheriff is, as a rule, more easy to get on with than the town authorities, but I found my first one too much engaged in casting furtive glances at the looking-glass to pay much attention to my common-places. Perhaps he felt somewhat nervous as to the correctness of his costume, and it may be that horrible legends of sheriffs being fined for negligence in attire flitted through his brain. One High Sheriff we encountered had a narrow escape. He appeared at the railway station in an ordinary black frock coat and light trousers, the only additions to distinguish him from the ordinary shopman being a large cocked hat and cavalry sword. He proved almost too much for the judges ; but after a lengthy consultation they decided that the ends of justice would be met, and the outraged dignity of the law satisfied if, instead of a fine, he was dismissed to his native wilds as soon as possible—and this was accordingly done.

The Judge who tries the prisoners and who is known as the "Red Judge," from the colour of his robes, opens the Commission at the assize courts. This is a very simple ceremony, and consists in the Commission being read and the writ handed to the Sheriff. The Judge then goes to church, assists at evening service, is preached at by the chaplain, and altogether reduced to a proper state of mind before entering upon his duties. Meanwhile, the Judge who is not "in Commission," has his tea, and is trotted out by his Marshal for a walk before dinner. "In Commission" makes all the difference to both Judge and Marshal. The Judge in Commission tries the prisoners. His Marshal swears in the Grand Jury (his principal duty of which more anon), makes tea at breakfast, lemon

squashes last thing at night, and himself generally useful until arrived at the next town, when the other Judge dons the red robe, and the other Marshal becomes "the Marshal in Commission." The Judge who is not in Commission wears a black silk gown, and a light-hearted air, adjourns punctually at 4.30, and pities sincerely his learned brother in red who is weighed down with the sense of responsibility, returns to the lodgings at odd hours of the day and night, and is in a chronic state of having "a jury locked up"—*i.e.*, of waiting for the jury to return their verdict.

It was at the second town on the circuit that my Judge was in Commission, and I entered fully upon my duties, the only public one of which was to swear in the Grand Jury. This, to a man of retiring nature, is somewhat nervous work. The court is generally crowded, and the Grand Jury are often perched in a gallery some distance off. Clearness of voice and distinctness of utterance are necessary, and it is also as well to be word perfect in the oath, especially in the one administered to the foreman, which runs thus: "My Lord (or Sir)," (my first foreman was the eldest son of a duke), "you, as foreman of this Grand Inquest, for our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and the body of this County of ——" (sometimes there are great complications here, such as "body of this town and county of the town of ——," apt to cause disaster to thoughtless Marshals), "shall diligently inquire and true presentment make of all such matters, offences, and things as shall be given you in charge, or shall otherwise come to your knowledge touching this present service. The Queen's counsel, your fellows, and your own, you shall observe and keep secret. You shall present no person out of envy, hatred, or malice." (Here I thought I saw a curious expression pass over the face of the eldest son of a duke.) "Neither shall you leave any one unpresented through affection" (here again I fancied, but it can only have been fancy, that the eldest son of a duke's right

eyelid fell and rose again quickly, while his left eye continued to gaze at me with attentive earnestness), "fear, gain, reward, or the hope or promise thereof, but you shall present all things truly and indifferently as they come to your knowledge, according to the best of your understanding, so help," &c. This is the oath which is engraved on every honest Marshal's heart, though not invariably on his brain; but that is not a matter of grave moment, as the clerk of assize is always at hand as prompter. His aid, however, destroys the effect of the ceremony, and should be avoided if possible. The rest of the Grand Jury are sworn four at a time in a shorter form of oath. The proclamation against "vice, profaneness, and immorality," is next read by the clerk of assize, and the Judge then charges the Grand Jury. This requires considerable tact, and if well done, as it generally is, goes far towards establishing the cordiality between the magistrates and judges so much to be desired. A few words of delicately veiled compliment, a hint at the service they are rendering to their country at the cost of some convenience, does more to promote this good feeling than even the dinner to which they are afterwards bidden.

Truth to tell, this dinner is a hollow mockery. It puts the magistrates, especially those who come from a distance, to a great deal of trouble, one or two have to offer themselves, and the question often becomes a difficult one as to who is to be the holocaust. The Judges on their part have all the expense of providing a suitable dinner for a possible thirty or forty and a probable three or four. The bar dinner, on the other hand, is, as a rule, in every way a success. One peculiarity of the feast is that there is no dessert, but it begins with turtle soup. At my first bar dinner the judicial party consumed their turtle with chastened pleasure. The turtle had been an intimate friend of ours. He had arrived from Birch's a week before he was expected. He had travelled with us from the last town and attracted as much attention on the journey

as the Judge. He had lain on the lawn outside the house for days, refreshed only by a bath morning and evening. We called him "Lord Eldon." He eat nothing—I fear because there was nothing for him to eat. We consulted the cook, who said he could eat nothing but seaweed, and it was to be feared Lord Eldon had not had a meal for three months. The housekeeper, in the tenderness of her heart, tempted him with bread and milk but, "Lor, sir," she said, "the poor beast wouldn't look at it." We consoled ourselves by reflecting that in a few days Lord Eldon's troubles would be over; but were horrorstruck on hearing from the cook who, standing by his lordship's side, delivered a sort of lecture on the species, that there would be some difficulty in despatching him. "You see, sir," he said, "it's a sort of cross between a reptile and a insect, and them beasts is awful hard to kill." However, soon after this Lord Eldon was removed from the lawn to, I afterwards heard, the cistern, thence to the dinner-table, where he was much appreciated.

The Marshal has the right of sitting by the Judge's side on the bench, and, as a rule, he remains in court for at least some part of the day. From his exalted seat he can view without interruption the comedies and tragedies, fresher and more thrilling than any played on mimic stage, that follow each other in relentless order from the sitting till the rising of the Court. Curious, interesting, and even pathetic, as are sometimes the stories unfolded on the civil side, the Crown Court offers a field of observation of far wider scope. There the great game, whose stake is liberty, sometimes life, is played to its bitter end. There the wages of sin are dealt out with unswerving hand. There the Judge, who but an hour before was in no way distinguishable from the ordinary English gentleman, sits invested with a dignity not wholly earthly. "It's for all the world like the last day, Joe," was the awestruck whisper of one portly witness to her husband; a whisper which,

had it been heard, would, I trow, have found an echo in many a heart, perhaps even in that of his lordship on the bench. Happily, before this grim tribunal the sunshine of human nature sometimes appears with the magic touch that makes the whole Court kin. I remember once a gentleman of the name of Binns being brought up for trial on a charge of stealing onions. It was an apparently hopeless case, and every one thought that Mr. Binns's fate was sealed. His appearance was against him. He too plainly belonged to the genus "tramp," and a carrotty shock and broken nose made him a very ugly one of his order. The evidence was damning. He had been seen leaving an onion-field, looking suspiciously bulgy. His weakness being well known to the local police, he was immediately arrested. The bulginess was soon explained by the fact of his pockets being crammed with the fascinating bulb. He was locked up and remained in gaol six weeks, until the assizes were held, before which he was now on his trial. The whole Court was deeply impressed with the sense of Mr. Binns's guilt, and the Judge looked very grave. The prisoner was called upon to defend himself before his twelve countrymen; but, after scratching his fiery head thoughtfully for some minutes, he relapsed into the moody contemplation of the Judge's wig which had characterized his demeanour during the proceedings. The time came for the Judge to sum up. Before doing so he scanned carefully a slip of paper on which were recorded Mr. Binns's previous convictions. Ten previous convictions! All for stealing onions! The last sentence—seven years' penal servitude from the chairman of Quarter Sessions for—stealing onions! The Judge looked graver than ever at this, and put down the slip of paper as if it had stung him. Then he summed up, and I know not how it was, but as he did so the tide of public opinion seemed to turn and flow in Mr. Binns's direction. The Court became more genial, and Mr. Binns's love of onions appeared less heinous than at first; and when at

last his lordship asked how the police came to suspect the prisoner, and suggested that they must have smelt him from afar, the whole Court was in such a state of merriment and good humour that—need I say? Mr. Binns was acquitted on the spot.

We had only one murder on our circuit, though several bad manslaughters; and it is difficult to say which was the more painful to witness; the boy of twenty, who killed his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy, sent away for twenty years, or the middle-aged man, convicted of a murder of unutterable brutality, sent friendless to his best friend—Death. The boy left those who loved him behind. As the sentence was passed an old man groped his way blindly from the Court, pushing the crowd fiercely from him, as if endowed with superhuman strength, and, with a great cry, an old woman, as her child passed for ever from her sight, fell senseless into some stranger's arms. The commotion caused several members of the bar, who were reading newspapers at the time, to look up and lose their places. The condemnation to death was devoid of none of its traditional solemnity. It was late in the evening when the jury returned, and the Court was filled with the summer twilight. The spectators at the sides and in the galleries were an indistinguishable black mass. "Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?" The answer comes, low but distinct, "We are." "What say you, do you find the prisoner, William Harris, guilty or not?" This time, in the effort to steady his voice, the foreman says loudly, almost sharply, "Guilty." The deep silence in the Court is still unbroken, and the prisoner is called upon to say why judgment should not be passed upon him. Not a muscle of the white face moves, and the only sound is the shuffling of the warder's feet as they draw near to the prisoner. The unmoved voice of the clerk rings like a knell through the Court. "Oyez, oyez, oyez. Silence in Court while my Lord the Judge passes sentence of death." Then

the awful words are said by man to his fellow-man. The condemned man is hustled from the dock, the crowd melts away, and the Judge and his Marshal walk silently through the summer night to their lodgings, a verse of the "Dies Iræ" running in the Marshal's mind :

"Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis."

The days spent by the Marshal in Court, or in wandering about the quaint cathedral cities ; the evenings spent in playing whist for threepenny points—Judges against Marshals, in entertaining pleasant members of the circuit at dinner, or in dining with a stray dean or bishop, sped swiftly by. By the time we had shaken well down to the pleasant routine, we found ourselves driving to the station in the Sheriff's carriage, followed by the parting benediction of an impish tattered street arab whose shrill chant formed an undignified finale to our circuit labours :

"The 'sises are over, the sentence is passed,
And the bloomin' old Judge is departed at last."

At the Royal Vic.

EARLY in the year 1880 Dean Stanley presided in the Jerusalem Chamber over a meeting composed of members of very various classes—the peer, the man of science, the Churchman, the artist, the politician—all assembled to discuss the latest development of our complex civilization—the Music-hall!

Some form of cheap amusement—such as Mr. John Hullah then described—allowing the working man to smoke his pipe and hear such music as he really enjoys, is the only substitute to be offered for an entertainment which adds to pipe and song the accompaniment of strong drink and of bad company. Moreover, in the song itself there is the choice among what is merely vulgar, what verges on impropriety, what overpasses it, and the song which is at once innocent and popular. “In other countries,” urged one of the speakers, “a man can take his wife and children and sit and enjoy himself at a music-hall. Why cannot we make it possible for him to do so here?” Why, indeed?

So it came to pass that, in the course of a few months, a music and dancing licence for the Royal Victoria Theatre, Waterloo Road, was applied for, and granted by the magistrates. True, the “cabby” refuses to recognize the “Royal Victoria, Waterloo Road,” but on being told to drive to the *Old Vic*, *New Cut*, immediately sets forth, not without surprise that such a place should be the destination of his fare—especially if that fare be a lady. The truth is that for many years the “Old Vic” did not enjoy an enviable notoriety. As long ago as the publication of “Alton Locke,” the author conjectures, by the mouth of one of the characters, that the young Queen in whose

honour the theatre had then been re-christened would not like the use made of her name if she could see and hear what kind of performances were associated with it. Before that the Coburg, as it had been named in honour of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, had seen better days. Kean had trod its boards; Stanfield had painted its scenery; and the last notes that Paganini's violin had sounded in this country were echoed by its walls. But in 1846 Charles Knight, in the *Penny Magazine*, writes:—

“Look at our theatres. Look at the houses surrounding them! Have they not given a taint to the very district they belong to? The Coburg, now called the Victoria, and the Surrey—what are they? At Christmas at each of these minor theatres may be seen such an appalling amount of loathsome vice and depravity as goes beyond Eugène Sue, and justifies the most astounding revelations of Smollett.”

But all that is altered now. The Victoria Coffee Hall was opened on December 22, 1881, with the aim of giving the people an evening of propriety and total abstinence indeed, but an entertainment to their mind, and not necessarily to the mind of the proprietors. Therefore, “Jolly Nash” and Arthur Lloyd were retained to delight the audience as they desired to be delighted, and thus was assured the success of the opening nights. What the former reputation of the Hall had been was evidenced by the appearance on Boxing-night of a band of fourteen policemen. “I’m very happy to see you, gentlemen,” remarked the honorary secretary; “but why have you come?” “This is the number always told off to the Vic to-night, ma’am,” replied the officer; “and none too many neither,” he added, remembering that thirty had been the number of cases before the magistrate from that place of amusement on a former occasion. This evening, however, the guardians of the peace enjoyed an excellent entertainment in total tranquillity.

The experiment of concerts on Thursdays was not less encouraging. Various artists and amateurs, including, amongst

others, Sir Julius Benedict, Madame Sainton Dolby, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, have met with a full meed of popular appreciation. "Look at that man in the gallery," said one of the committee, "he is from Drury Lane, a costermonger. He cannot give threepence every week, so Miss Cons (the hon. sec.) allows him to take charge of that door in order to admit him, he is so fond of music." That man's expression was a sight to see as he listened, not to a comic song, nor even a ballad, but to Schumann's quintet in E flat, Op. 44.

All the inhabitants of the New Cut are not, however, quite so musically inclined. Some costers presented themselves on a Thursday evening, when "A Night with Mozart" was announced. The ticket-keeper, recognizing them as *habitués* of the "variety" entertainment, said he didn't think this evening would suit them. They replied, "They wanted to see *Musart*. They supposed he'd dance or sing som'at." The doorkeeper explained that Mozart had been dead some years, and it was his music which was to be rendered by some ladies. "Never you fear," replied the concert-goers; "we knows when quality's there, and can behave ourselves accordingly." And they did.

Such an audience is at its happiest on occasions such as the visit Lord Wolseley paid the New Cut in November, 1882, when a densely crowded house rose to the strains of "See the conquering hero comes." The Royal box had been prepared for him, but the position of this, at the side of the house, did not afford the occupants of the same side the gratification of seeing the General, who, with great good-nature, walked round the house, even scaling the heights of the threepenny gallery, where were some of his most enthusiastic friends.

But it is not only the "gods" who are catered for at the "Vic." The kindness of the trustees of the Gilchrist Fund has enabled the managers to provide popular science lectures; and on every Saturday afternoon the little children have a special treat. Arrangements are made by which tea and cake, as well

as entertainments, can be given to children in parties of from twenty-five upwards, at the cost of sixpence a head ; and as trains and omnibuses pass the door from all parts, those who desire to give scholars or arabs a treat, can arrange to do so at the Vic.

The question of singing classes for the poor has also come under consideration. A choir has been formed under Mr. Sexton, which practises on Friday nights, and permits, at an almost nominal fee, the exercise of that delightful gift of a fine voice, which, without teaching, is inevitably vulgarized and ruined, and which, moreover, tends by no means to the refinement of life or manners when it has no audience but the gathering in a public-house.

At three resplendent bars in different parts of the Royal Vic a cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa can be procured for one halfpenny, and at the same price a piece of bread and butter, the size of which would not call forth Prince Hal's contempt for a "poor halfpennyworth of bread." Cold meat at twopence a plate, and all sorts of cakes, may also be had, as well as ginger-beer, milk, and various non-alcoholic drinks. Nor is the frequenter of the Vic under the necessity of leaving his place in pit or balcony in search of viands ; for red-coated boys are always on the watch for orders, and place with deft despatch cup or plate on the small shelf arranged before each seat. Cigars and tobacco—of course, moderate in price and quality—are at the service of the men and of ambitious youths ; nuts and oranges at that of the boys. And in this matter of smoking, the inhabitant of the New Cut shows he is susceptible of that higher education which teaches a regard for the feelings of others. It is requested, but not enforced, that on the Ballad Concert nights no smoking should take place except in the gallery, and rarely is a pipe seen on those evenings in the pit.

Attached to the Victoria is a flourishing Coffee Tavern, open

from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at night. This supplies hot dinners of the best quality at a very moderate cost. A man can get a basin of soup for a penny; tea, coffee, and cocoa for a halfpenny per cup, a plate of hot well-cooked meat for fourpence, or an excellent beefsteak pudding for threepence, a plate of pudding for a penny, and potatoes and vegetables for the same price. The meals are served at clean, white-topped tables, and the dinner-hour presents a really satisfactory sight. The extent to which the advantages of the Coffee Tavern are used by the working classes may be estimated by the fact that in one day as much as £15 was taken, which, reckoning that each man spent sixpence—a high average—4,200 must have taken advantage of the offer of wholesome food. The majority, but not the whole, of this huge *clientèle* consists of men. Yet working women come also, for those who have to dine away from home prefer to eat and drink out of sight of drunkenness—an honourable instinct which is almost certain to be violated everywhere except in a coffee tavern.

The restaurant pays well. It would be satisfactory to the commercial instincts of Englishmen if we could add the same of the theatre; but so far the theatre does not pay. The work done there is that of the pioneer—the first of its kind; and experiments, even such as have a virtual and moral success, are seldom so successful as to be quickly remunerative. The balance-sheet of an ordinary music-hall would show a gain of a thousand a year as the profits from drink alone. This, of course, is foregone, and other expenses are none the less. For instance, the cost of fitting up the theatre was £4,000. The nightly payments for rent and gas amount to nearly £6, or some £1,800 a year. The repairs rendered necessary by daily wear and tear, with the salary of an efficient manager and of other employés, amount to £500 a year. Now what is there to meet this formidable outgoing? The Hall will hold nearly 3,000 persons (though a larger number on very special

nights may be put in), giving 1,000 seats in the gallery at threepence on Saturday nights, but at only a penny on some other nights ; 1,000 at sixpence in the pit ; the rest at one shilling, and one shilling and sixpence in the balcony ; and a few private boxes at six shillings, ten shillings, and a guinea ; but these, except on Royal nights, are rarely tenanted. The numbers sound large, but it must be remembered that one thousand pennies are less than four guineas. But unsatisfactory as is this return, some consolation might be found in the fact that that most neglected and disregarded of all economies, the diminution of police and criminal expenses, is fostered by the Vic. The general charges of the neighbourhood have decreased on an average from forty to four ; and the temperance music-hall itself has not contributed a single case to the police-courts, whereas the police assert that under the old management there never was a night without one or two charges, thirty or forty, and even fifty, occurring at once in "holiday time."

In China the medical profession is paid for keeping the patient in health, a regular fee continuing until the coming of sickness, when it is resolutely withheld until the day of cure. Not so is that general physician—the Executive—dealt with in his treatment of the national patient, the criminal and the poor. We are no doubt justly proud of the efficiency with which the offender is punished and the sufferer relieved in prison and hospital. But we have hardly learned to take pride, and we have certainly not learned to spend national wealth, in setting up happier substitutes for both.

E. N. PAGET.

Science and Simplicity :

A STORY FROM THE PARIS HOSPITALS.

DUPUYTREN, the great French surgeon, was eminently a man of action, and the genius of his theory was inferior only to his prodigious power of application. His scientific discoveries, in spite of their number and importance, will not cause his name to be placed by the side of the greatest ; but the marvellous facility with which he treated the most difficult cases, the fecundity of his resource in the most serious complications, the unerring judgment of his eye, and the impassive promptness of his hand, gave him the first place, as an operator, in his profession.

It may easily be imagined that his character was in some degree affected by the nature of the studies to which his talents had been directed ; and the man who had seen many lives depending on his skill, and whose death-warrant was without appeal, was too often inclined to take a low estimate of poor humanity. Unfortunately, the heart becomes callous at the sight of suffering ; and to these Generals of Science—the chosen few to whom it is all in all—isolated existences seem but as soldiers, who must be sacrificed, if necessary, to gain some great battle. In spite of the respect due to the memory of such an illustrious name, it must be admitted that Dupuytren's character was as stern as serious. In his relations with society he maintained that severe and almost disdainful manner which, in the hospital, made his pupils and subordinates tremble. Even his *confrères* were wounded by his pride and pretensions to exclusive domination. The resignation of Pelletan (of which he was the

cause) confirmed their antipathy, as it was well known that Dupuytren was under great obligations to him, and should have shown him more consideration and respect.

It is quite certain that when Orfila, Larry, Pariset, &c., pronounced over his open tomb a magnificent eulogium on the father of modern surgery, none of them dared to go further, and give even the usual and common-place praise of the virtues of his private life. The great surgeon was regretted, but no tears were shed for the man. Few men lived a more laborious life than Dupuytren, and every hour was devoted to work. Summer and winter he rose at five; at seven he was at the Hôtel Dieu, which he did not leave till eleven. He then paid his visits, and returned to receive patients in consultation. Although he despatched each one with almost brutal celerity, their numbers daily increased, and the consultations often lasted till nightfall.

One day, when the patients had been even more numerous than usual, Dupuytren, being quite exhausted with fatigue, was about to retire to take some repose, when another visitor presented himself at the consulting-room. It was a little old man, whose precise age it would not have been easy to decide, as although his face was round, rosy, and beardless, it was covered with a net-work of fine wrinkles; his features were small but well-shaped, his hands and feet were also very small, in harmony with his figure. At the first glance, he seemed an insignificant little man, but the expression of his kind blue eyes, so full of benevolence, his calm and happy face, caused the eye to rest on him with pleasure, and awakened a wish to know him better. His light figure was clothed in black, and he held a cane in his right hand. As he made his salutation on entering the room, a tonsure was visible; he was a priest. The icy look of Dupuytren fell upon him.

"What is the matter with you?" he said in a harsh voice.

"Sir," replied the priest gently, "I ask your permission to

sit down; my legs begin to get old. For these last two years I have had a swelling in my neck. The surgeon of our village—I am Curé of Mesnil, near Nemours—told me first it was of little consequence, but it became worse, and, about five months ago, the abscess broke. I kept my bed some time without getting any better, and at length was obliged to get up again, as I am alone in the parish, and have to do duty for four villages.”

“Show me your neck.”

“It is not,” said the old man, as he prepared to obey, “it is not but what the villagers were willing enough to unite every Sunday for service, and thus spare me fatigue, but I knew they worked hard all the week, and ought to have their rest on that day. As I said to myself, it is not right that everybody should be put to inconvenience for me; so at last I resolved to come to Paris to consult you.”

Here, uncovering his neck, he submitted it to the surgeon's inspection. Dupuytren made a careful examination of the deep hole, gangrened in many places. It was a glandular abscess, complicated with aneurism of the carotid artery, of such a serious nature that Dupuytren was astonished that the patient was able to stand before him. He lanced the edges of the wound, and felt it all round with a pressure painful enough to cause faintness. But the patient did not wince. When he had finished his examination, he turned round the head he firmly held in his strong hands, and said in a loud, unfeeling voice:—

“Well, M. l'Abbé, you are not long for this world.”

The little Abbé took his piece of linen and fastened it round his neck without saying a word, Dupuytren keeping his eyes fixed on him. When he had put on his bandages, he drew from his pocket a five-franc piece, wrapped in a piece of paper, and placed it on the table.

“I am not rich, and my people are very poor, sir,” said

he, with a pleasant smile. "Pardon me if I cannot pay more liberally for Dr. Dupuytren's advice. I am very glad I came to you, for at least I shall know what to expect. Perhaps," he added, in a gentle tone, "you might have announced this news to me with some little preparation. Although I am sixty-five years of age, people even at that age sometimes hold strongly to life. However, you have not surprised me. I have long expected this verdict. Farewell, sir ; I will go home, and die among my people." With these words he departed.

Dupuytren remained for a moment silent. This iron nature, this proud and powerful genius, was shaken by the simple words of a poor old man, whom he had held feeble and suffering in his strong and skilful hands, and whose whole being he thought to crush by his brutally straightforward words. But in this weak and afflicted body he had found a heart firmer than his own, united to a more energetic will—he felt that he had at last found one stronger than himself.

Darting to the staircase, which the old man was slowly and painfully descending, "Mons. l'Abbé," said he, "will you come up again for a moment?"

The Abbé obeyed.

"There is perhaps a chance of saving you, if you will allow me to operate."

"God bless me, sir," said the Abbé, putting down his hat and cane with great vivacity, "did I not come to Paris on purpose? Operate, operate, as soon as you like."

"But the thing may perhaps be unsuccessful, after all ; and it is certain to be long and painful."

"Operate, sir, operate! I will bear it all. My poor parishioners will be so glad."

"Well, you must go into the St. Agnes Ward of the Hôtel Dieu ; you will be looked after there, and the Sisters will see that you want for nothing. You must keep yourself quiet this evening and to-morrow. The day after——"

"Thank you, Doctor, I shall be ready."

Dupuytren wrote a few lines, which he gave to his patient, who went off at once to the hospital, where he was installed in a neat little white bed and attended with so much kind care and sympathy that he could scarcely find words to express his gratitude. At last the day came for the operation. Almost before the five or six hundred pupils, who so eagerly followed the great master's lessons, had assembled, Dupuytren arrived, and preceding a group of this formidable train, made his way to the bedside of the little priest, and began the operation. Dupuytren cut and slashed with knife and scissors; he probed the wound, and gathered the fibres, which he twisted and tied; then the grating saw severed the decayed fragment of the bone. All this lasted twenty-five minutes, and the patient bore it with unflinching courage. It was only when Dupuytren turned to the pupils and said, "It is over," that the Abbé turned pale. Dupuytren stayed and dressed the wound himself. "I think all will go well," said he in a friendly voice. "Did you suffer much?"

"I tried to think of other things," said the Abbé, and as he spoke he sank into unconsciousness. Dupuytren looked at him for a few minutes in profound silence, drew the curtains softly round the bed, and proceeded to his other patients. The Abbé was saved.

Every morning when Dupuytren arrived, by a strange infraction of his usual custom he passed by the first beds, and began his visits with his favourite patient. And later on when the priest was able to leave his bed, it was Dupuytren's arm that supported his feeble steps as he took a turn in the ward. To those who knew the cold indifference with which the great surgeon habitually treated his patients, his conduct seemed inexplicable. Then, when the Abbé was well enough to support the journey, he took leave of the doctor and returned to his parishioners.

Some time had elapsed, when one day on his arrival at the hospital, Dupuytren saw the Abbé, who was waiting for him in the ward. It was easy to see by the state of his black clothes and buckled shoes, which were covered with dust, that he had come a long way on foot. He carried a large wicker basket on his arm, carefully packed with straw, and tied with string. Dupuytren gave him a very kind greeting; and after having ascertained that the operation had left no bad effects, he asked what business had brought him to Paris.

"This, doctor, is the anniversary of the operation, and I could not let it pass without coming to see you, and I took it into my head to bring you a little present, so I put a couple of fowls into this basket, with a few pears out of my garden. You will not find any like them in Paris, and you must promise me to taste them; but I know you will."

Dupuytren pressed his hand cordially and entreated the old man to remain and dine with him, but this he steadily, though with regret, refused; he said his time was too short, he must return as soon as possible. The next year, and also the following one, saw the arrival of the Abbé on the same day with the basket of fowls and fruit, which Dupuytren found it impossible to receive without some emotion.

It was just at this time that he felt the first symptoms of that malady which even his great skill was powerless to cure. Yielding to the unanimous advice of the faculty, he set out for Italy, though he was himself without hope. When he returned to France, in 1834, there seemed to be some improvement in his condition; but he well knew that this improvement was but temporary, that his days were numbered, and that he must die.

As the fatal time approached, he became more reserved and inexpansive than ever. The moral solitude and isolation which he had so cruelly prepared for himself gave him, as it were, a foretaste of the death that was so rapidly approaching. All at

once he called an attendant who was in an adjoining room. "Write," said he, "to M. le Curé de la paroisse de Mesnil, près Nemours : 'My dear Abbé,—It is the doctor's turn to require aid ; come quickly or you may arrive too late. Your friend, DUPUYTREN.'"

The little priest lost no time in answering the appeal, and remained for a long time shut up with Dupuytren. No one knows what passed between the two men, but when the Abbé left the chamber of the dying man, his eyes were streaming, though his face beamed with happy emotion. The next day, February 8, 1835, the great surgeon breathed his last.

On the day of the funeral, the sky was all the morning covered with heavy grey clouds, which broke into fine rain mingled with snow, chilling the immense and silent crowd which filled the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois. After the funeral service, Dupuytren's coffin was borne by his pupils to its last resting-place. The little Abbé followed, bathed in tears.

M. NADAR.

The Social Distress.

THE newspapers have been filled for some weeks with articles on "The Housing of the Poor," and with general admissions that widespread distress exists in the metropolis, in the large manufacturing towns, and in the country properly so called. Men of all parties agree that something must be done—probably by the Government. There is an increasing demand for improved dwellings, though doubt exists as to whether the Government should erect these forthwith, or make grants in aid, or loans to local bodies. Is it quite so clear, however, as some seem to suppose, that in improved dwellings would be found a certain remedy for the prevailing distress? It is possible to deal with an effect without caring at all about its cause. A well-intentioned, though unskilled person, might attempt by external and impossible means to assuage the pain caused by a broken bone, without paying any regard to the bone itself. The fact that people live in houses or buildings unfit for human habitation, clearly indicates that some primary cause exists, and to deal with an effect without caring about its cause is a course of proceeding not likely to cure long and deep disease. Careful inquiry will prove that the cause of the squalor which has been so vividly described of late, is poverty. Would the mere removal of a family from one rickety and damp attic to two or three newly built rooms lessen their poverty in any way? The chances are that, unless other causes or influences intervened, the comfortable rooms would soon become as bad as the attic.

Poverty, it should be observed, is usually the result of two causes—in the first place, of want of work, or insufficient remuneration for work obtained; and in the second, of unthrifti-

ness. With regard to the first of these causes, it is urged with some emphasis, that the Government should find work for the unemployed population of the country. But it is well known that, if the Government interferes in respect to any industry, in order to find employment, even for criminals or other persons confined in reformatory institutions, there is at once an outcry on the part of workmen interested in the industry so affected. If the Government enters upon an elaborate scheme of public works, there is the probability and, indeed, certainty that such works will, sooner or later, be completed, and the men engaged upon them thrown out of employment. This danger has been abundantly illustrated in the recent history of France. On the other hand, the Government may afford relief by means of the Poor Law, and it may be noted that *Mdlle. Louise Michel*, during her last visit to this country, declared in favour of the English Poor Law as a system of poor relief. But the tendency in England is to diminish, as much as possible, the relief given in this form ; and justly so. Poverty goes indefinitely upwards. It frequently happens that the thrifty poor are taxed to provide for the thriftless, who may be well able to work and provide for themselves. It has become a common practice to declaim against the thriftless, to say that too much is spent in food as well as in luxuries, and to add that economy is becoming extinct. All agree with the saying of Franklin, that "We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly," but few admit that the phrase has any direct application to themselves. It cannot be doubted, however, that the bulk of the population of England is, and must always be, composed of the poorer class—of that class which depends upon a regular wage, or a quick and easy turnover in trade for subsistence. This, in itself, is not a matter for alarm. But it is essential that there should be work for all, and that the large class referred to should be constantly employed at a fair remuneration, or discontent will rise

above the surface and menace property and capital. At the same time, it is desirable that each working man, living from hand to mouth, so to speak, should be independent—that he should not be under the necessity of looking to the Government for employment nor to the Poor Law for relief. When the artisan class is to that extent prosperous and independent, the causes or dangers of social disturbance are likely to be very few.

No doubt this view is to some extent Utopian. There never was a time when every citizen found remunerative employment and when discontent was unknown. But there is at least a general desire that, in these respects, the future shall be better than the past. The past and the present have failed to satisfy, and that is the reason of the prevailing cry for relief and reform. It cannot be expected, however, that much can be done to alleviate the distress of the present generation. Time is a necessary factor in any scheme of social improvement, and in this instance improvement will be best effected if insisted upon and achieved by individual effort on the part of the class most interested—that is, by the poor themselves. Meanwhile, can the Government do anything, without interfering too much with individual freedom, to bring about a better state of things? On this point the views of John Stuart Mill, in “*Principles of Political Economy*,” may be quoted. He says :

“Education is not compatible with extreme poverty. It is impossible effectually to teach an indigent population. And it is difficult to make those feel the value of comfort who have never enjoyed it, or those appreciate the wretchedness of a precarious subsistence who have been made reckless by always living from hand to mouth. Individuals often struggle upwards into a condition of ease, but the utmost that can be expected from the whole people is to maintain themselves in it ; and improvement in the habits and requirements of masses of unskilled day-labourers will be difficult and tardy unless means can be contrived of raising the entire body to a state of tolerable comfort and maintaining them in it until a new generation springs up. Towards effecting this object there are two resources available, without wrong to anyone, without any of the liabilities to mischief attendant on

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voluntary or legal charity, and not only without weakening, but, on the contrary, strengthening every incentive to industry and every motive to forethought. The first is a great national measure of colonization. The second would be to devote all common land hereafter brought into cultivation to raising a class of small proprietors."

In this passage may be found an indication of the true remedies for the distress which now prevails. That distress, as before observed, is not to be removed by a mere shifting of families from house to house. It may, indeed, be never effectually removed at all. But it can be very considerably mitigated in three ways. The first of these is education; the second, development of the resources of the land; and the third, colonization on a large and adequate scale.

With respect to education, much has unquestionably been done by the Act of 1870. But, after all, what is education in its truest sense? School Boards are seeking out children, boys and girls, from the streets of the town and the fields of the country, and compelling them to attend school during certain hours in each day. The result of Government interference, of determined action on the part of the School Boards, and of voluntary effort on the part of many parents, is that the youth of the country is being trained to a degree which, twenty years ago, would have been thought impossible of attainment. Many boys of fourteen are now as well informed as students of twenty-one were some years ago. This may be the result of cramming, and there may be different opinions as to its ultimate effect; but it is an undoubted fact. Is it, however, education? It is so far as it goes. But education is an elastic and relative term. A man may be well-educated if judged as a carpenter, but he may be sadly wanting as a chemist; while a chemist might make a sorry figure in posing as a carpenter. It should be clearly understood, however, that no fault is found with the theory that every boy should be taught as much as possible. The fault is that the present educational system does not go

far enough. The State insists with justness that every boy shall be taught. But it is content to leave him at about fourteen years of age to choose for himself, or his friends to choose for him. It is here that the mistake is committed ; it is here that the weak point in our educational system may be found. The period between fourteen and twenty-one is, perhaps, the most critical in the life of any person. It is then that character and habits are formed ; it is then that the working population of the country have to choose the callings which they, individually, will follow. Is it right that the State, after previously educating a boy, should leave him at this crucial period to choose for himself ? It insists that he shall be educated, but it pays no regard to the direction in which his knowledge shall be turned. The Romans once had a law that every man should be taught a trade, and though it might not be possible or desirable to adopt the same principle in this country now, it is worth considering whether, by means of technical education or by some other method, the working class might not be better assisted than at present to gain a livelihood.

The meaning of these remarks may be more readily understood by reference to the state of society in the present day. It is admitted that there is great competition in trades, in commerce, in the professions, and in every calling outside either—from the sellers of matches in the streets upwards. But at the same time it appears certain that of all these the tradesman—that is the artisan—enters upon life with the surest prospect of gaining a living. No doubt many will differ from this view. Mr. Henry George, in “Progress and Poverty,” says :—“Take a man who has raised himself from the ranks of common labour, and, just as he is brought into contact with men of culture and men of affairs, will he become more intelligent and polished. Take two brothers, the sons of poor parents, brought up in the same home and in the same way. One is put to a rude trade, and never gets beyond the necessity

of making a living by hard daily labour; the other, commencing as an errand-boy, gets a start in another direction, and becomes finally a successful lawyer, merchant, or politician. At forty or fifty the contrast between them will be striking." This is no doubt true to some extent. But the errand-boys who become successful lawyers, merchants, or politicians, form the exception and not the rule. For one errand-boy who, because of his success, is heard of in after-life, fifty continue to pursue occupations in which they find it almost impossible to make a living, even by "hard daily labour." The words of Adam Smith, in "Wealth of Nations," are far more to the point. "The probability," he says, "that any particular person shall ever be qualified for the employment to which he is educated, is very different in different occupations. In the greater part of mechanic trades, success is almost certain, but very uncertain in the liberal professions. Put your son apprentice to a shoemaker, there is little doubt of his learning to make a pair of shoes; but send him to study the law and it is at least twenty to one if ever he makes such proficiency as will enable him to live by the business." This is a fact which has been too much overlooked in recent years. Thousands of children are born every year whose parents have not sufficient means to endow them so that they may grow up and live without work. And those same parents, after giving their children a fairly good education, leave them, or put them to some precarious occupation in the hope that they will eventually "get on." Thus it is that the market becomes overstocked with men of fair education but of no particular calling, who are willing to accept any position where the duties are gentlemanly, even though the remuneration is small. In the end this affects the poor who have had but little education, and who, under other circumstances, might have found work of a miscellaneous kind.

It may be said that the education under the Act of 1870

will, in time, check the tendency which has been described. The probability is, however, that it will operate in precisely the opposite direction and accentuate the evil which now so extensively prevails. Education will simply increase the number of applicants for posts which educated men may fill, and, unless the attention of parents and of youths is turned to more certain channels, it is evident that competition for outside work—that is, work outside classified trades and handicrafts—will increase rather than diminish. And as the present distress is, in great part, the result of inability to obtain employment, it is clear that distress must continue unless employment be found. To add to existing competition will be fatal. Probably no one will deny that the craftsman now finds it easier to obtain remunerative employment than the man who has never learnt a trade. A few weeks ago a firm, doing a large business in London, advertised on three successive days for a skilled mechanic. In reply it received only ten applications. If it had advertised for a clerk at two-thirds of the salary it was prepared to pay the mechanic, it would undoubtedly have received nearly ten hundred applications. The truth is, that the black coat and the soft white hand are at a premium, and that many are willing to forego the income they might earn and receive in order that they may appear genteel. Emerson was not far wrong when, in the first series of his essays, he wrote: “A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances.” The view thus set forth is eminently applicable to the present day when so many appear to doubt what Carlyle laid down as a general principle, that all work that is honest is honourable too.

It is clear that the skilled artisan is much more in request than the clerk or the man who has been trained to no occupation, and, as the end of education is that men may be fitted to take their part in the duties of life, there is no reason why the Government should not insist upon each boy turning to some useful account the education which he may have acquired in schools assisted by Government grants. In many charity schools it is a rule, sometimes a condition precedent to a boy's admission, that he shall, at the expiration of his school term, be bound apprentice to whatever trade he may select to follow. If the Government proposed to do this it would possibly be said that interference with the liberty of the subject was being carried too far. But it must be remembered that many persons, especially in the poorer districts, are now calling upon the Government to provide work or dwellings for the unemployed. Would not the Government, therefore, be justified in insisting that, at the proper time of life, each individual likely to have nothing but his own labour to depend upon, should be taught how to gain a living? A little following up of youths, after they have left school, would probably suffice for this purpose, and as an educated generation grew up the necessity for interference in this manner would diminish. In doing that the Government would be simply giving full effect to the primary design of education. As a result it might with reason be expected that eventually the poorer and the working population would maintain themselves, that they would be independent, and that they would provide themselves with at least decent and wholesome dwellings. It is far better that this large class should be independent in that way than dependent upon the Government or upon charity.

These considerations are put forward as showing what the demand for Government assistance really means. If the Government decided to act by making grants or loans, it would introduce a system which might, in the end, prove disastrous.

If, in some other way, it endeavoured to solve the problem as to how each individual is to be provided with remunerative work, it would be clearly more politic to teach men how to secure work and independence for themselves than to wait until they become dependent upon the Government. An illustration will show how proficiency in a trade may make a man thus independent of Government or other aid. Some years ago a gentleman known to the writer took a boy from a workhouse and apprenticed him to a mechanical trade. The boy served his "time," was retained by his employer, and now not only is regarded as the best workman in his shop, but receives a higher wage than any of his workmates. If he had been left, after his discharge from the workhouse, to gain a livelihood as best he could, he might still be in a struggling dependent position. But he is now one of those industrious independent artisans who in so great a degree add to the strength of this country. It is therefore worth considering whether something more in this direction, on a regular methodical basis, cannot be done by the Government and by those who believe in education as a remedy for distress. Skilled labour, it should not be forgotten, is an important item in connection with national wealth. The artisan is invariably a valuable and useful citizen, and whether he remains in one local sphere or emigrates to the colonies, or enters the army or navy, he has still the power of producing something that contributes to the commonwealth. He may turn his attention to other pursuits but he will unquestionably have "something" in his own labour to fall back upon in case he should not succeed.

It may, perhaps, be said that craftsmen sometimes suffer as much as unskilled labourers. It is true that they do. A melancholy word-picture was lately published, showing that many tailors in the East-end of London work fourteen and often sixteen hours a day for a pittance barely sufficient to provide the commonest necessities of life. But this case is an

exception. The majority of the tailors of this country earn a fairly remunerative wage, and those who do not in one district have the choice of going elsewhere. But they have a still more powerful weapon to employ against low wages, and that is Combination among themselves. There is no doubt that Combination, under the name of Trade Union, has not always been so successful as its friends anticipated. Is not this, however, traceable to a want of unanimity among the men themselves? It may not always be possible to do much by means of strikes, but, as Sir Thomas Brassey pointed out with considerable force some years ago, a great deal may be accomplished by methodical watching of the various markets. This view was recognized and enforced by Mr. Broadhurst at the Trades Union Congress recently held at Paris, and there can be no doubt that, when intelligent and educated workmen combine with a determination to raise wages to a fair level, they will not be altogether without success. What, however, is meant by a fair level? Undoubtedly the rate of wages is in great part regulated by the demand for the goods produced, and by the supply of labour ready to produce them. And when these conditions in some degree approximate towards each other, a fair wage depends, again, upon the purchasing power of money. Undoubtedly, from the workman's point of view, a fair wage is the highest that can be obtained, and, in theory, no one desires that any other should be paid. But in these days of cheap and quick transit, there must be some regard to foreign markets and foreign competition, and that is where Combination may be of the greatest use. Where workmen combine to protect themselves against over-greedy employers, to ensure as far as possible the payment of an adequate wage, to provide decent dwellings for themselves and their families, and to preserve independence of outside charity and Government help, there the conditions of a prosperous artisan class exist. Capitalists have no cause to fear such combinations,

for in disputes between capital and labour the chances are almost without exception in favour of capital, which can invariably be withdrawn from unproductive industries. The point is that the wage-earning classes should take care of themselves instead of looking to the Government to take care of them.

Hitherto these remarks have been directed to a consideration of what may be done by education, if pushed to its avowed and ultimate end by the Government at the proper time. But there is a second way in which the Government may assist without recourse to charity, in alleviating the distress which now prevails, and that has reference to the cultivation of the land. A scheme of land nationalization has recently found many supporters, though it is impossible to see how it can ever be brought within the region of practical politics. The State cannot buy the land outright because it has insufficient means, and it will not dispossess present landowners by any means that would be unjust. In any violent process of transfer, the small landowner and houseowner, whom it is desired to protect, would suffer equally with the owner of vast estates. What then can be done? Certainly nothing will be accomplished by simply reiterating the fact that so many persons own so many acres, for, as Lord Derby showed in a recent speech, there is land in the market, and any one who is prepared with the cash to buy can have no difficulty in effecting a purchase. But the position is this: There are thousands of acres of land in this country whose capabilities of food production are almost incalculable. There is a large population in the towns eagerly debating the means of making those lands more productive than they are now. The result is a species of land hunger, and a clamour for some sort of land nationalization, or a scheme by which the land may be put more generally in the hands of the people. It is clear that if the Government responds to the demands now made upon it to mitigate

the prevailing distress, its action must in part be directed to some scheme for increasing the producing power of the land. This can best be done by attracting more labour to the soil, so that employment may be found for men who have now nothing to do, and the food supply of the country increased. At present there are two obstacles to the proper cultivation of land. First, many cultivators have not sufficient means to purchase the land which they cultivate; and, second, they cannot as tenants fully develop its resources because of the insecurity of their tenure. If the land, on the other hand, were divided among numerous small proprietors, as in Belgium and France, then a higher state of cultivation and greater possibilities of production than anything at present known would be reached, because the cultivator would understand that every improvement which he made would be for his own personal advantage rather than for that of his landlord.

It is at this point then that the Government may assist. It may buy up land, gradually, and sell on the principle of building and some other societies, and on a basis that would entail neither loss nor violent revolution. Small holdings of, say from fifty to two hundred acres, could be let to men willing and able to farm; the latter could pay instalments and interest in the form of rent, until, at the end of about fifteen years, the cultivator became the absolute owner of the land which he tilled. In this way the poorer population would be attracted to the land, the food products of the country would be increased, employment would be found for many persons in various ways, and, as the material wealth of the country advanced, so would also the demand for skilled labour and for the implements, tools and other articles, which skilled labour produced. It will be observed that the theory of everyone being taught a trade has not been insisted upon in any narrow sense. The point is that every man who has to gain his livelihood by physical or mental labour, or by both combined, should be directed to

some calling where the chances of permanent employment appear possible. For if reform is to be effected, lads must not be allowed to dawdle away existence until they become a burden to the State—as so many persons in the poorer districts of London and elsewhere are now allowed to do. Agriculture offers immense scope for both profitable and health-giving employment, and in proportion as it is developed and made successful will the commerce of the country, and the country generally, benefit.

But there is a third way in which the Government may assist in the alleviation of distress. That is, by emigration. “Old men,” said Lord Derby on one occasion, “are said to live again in their children, and it is the rare privilege of England to have been able to extend the freedom which she has won for herself over an Empire wider than any which in former ages has acknowledged a single head.” But extension of the Empire means the acceptance of increased responsibilities. It is as much the duty of the Government to see that newly acquired possessions are developed as to take care that the home population is provided for. In performing the one duty, however, it discharges the other, for in sending out families to the colonies it not only does much to develop colonial resources, but it reduces the surplus population at home. That there is room for much greater effort in this direction may be seen by the following table, which shows the number of square miles of the United Kingdom and of the two largest colonies, together with the population in each :—

	Square Miles.	Population.
United Kingdom . . .	121,115 ...	34,862,495
Australasia	3,173,310 ...	3,000,000
North America	3,620,500 ...	4,500,000

The colonies want what this country has to spare—labour ; and we want what the colonies may supply in a larger degree than now—breadstuffs. In the exchange, both will mutually

gain. The colonies will be developed at a rate that would not otherwise be possible, and at the same time markets will be opened up for the manufactured goods which the artisans of England produce. In this way, too, would that union between this country and the colonies, which so many persons are desirous to promote, be strengthened, and at the same time England would be rendered less liable than now to trade depression through foreign competition.

These are ways by which, at least in the near future and before the population problem presses, social distress may be overcome, and they each possess the advantage of making men independent and thrifty, and of lessening the tendency to look to charity and the Government for relief. Other schemes have been proposed, notably one for arresting the too rapid increase of population. But on every consideration it is better that poverty should be stamped out so far as possible by individual effort, than that it should be covered or forced beneath the surface by any artificial means. "Industry," says Bishop Berkeley, "is the natural sure way to wealth," and if this be true, as it is true, then it becomes the duty of the Government to foster an industrious spirit among the poor, for so far as it succeeds in doing that will distress be diminished, and the wealth of the country—which means, of course, individual wealth—be increased.

W. ROBERTS.

Reviews and Views.

THE principal winter exhibitions have as usual been those of old pictures. At the Royal Academy there has been no special purpose, except the collection of the Poole pictures in the last room opened of the suite. Otherwise the rooms are filled—this one with English pictures of the last century, that with Dutch Old Masters, this again with early works dating back to Giottesque art ; and in each case one is sensible of the fact that the first ten or twelve siftings of English collections have taken the best for past exhibitions. The riches of England are not inexhaustible, and it is not strange if fourteen Old Master seasons have brought us within measurable distance of the end. At the Grosvenor, on the other hand, the aim has been not the production of antique novelties, but the presentation of a great national master's work by means of worthily representative pictures, whether familiar or unfamiliar. Sir Joshua has never been seen in such quantity before, and therefore never in such richness of quality. Englishmen might intelligently have shown more national delight in a show of artistic splendour and beauty offered them for the first time, and to be matched within no other walls in the world.

Sir Joshua was a painter who respected individuality, but did not insist upon it. He seemed to keep something of the large dignity of the type even while he delighted in the incidents of the unit. And thus his noblest works are representative as well as personal. The Duchess of Devonshire represents health and unconscious joy, as refined as wholesome, the forms being full, the smile free, the gesture direct. With her beautiful head in profile, the Duchess throws up one arm to amuse the baby she holds on

the other, and the child responds by a child's applause—imitation, its two arms aloft and the charming little face reflecting the mother's laugh with the delighted yet uncertain smile of infancy. The whole execution of the picture is in the triumphant manner of the master's fullest period. In his own portrait, of which the carnations have that tone of gold and profundity which only splendid colour can catch from time, as only fine wine can gain its own right character from age, Sir Joshua has given the type of intelligence—the artist-face with its outward look. Mrs. Siddons, on the other hand, is intellectual, nor has the art of any country a face to show more beautiful in its distinction. Lord Thurlow—altogether admirable as painting—represents thought and learning, as well as his own strong personality; as the Ladies Waldegrave are types of finely bred and healthy maidenhood, beautiful and graceful, but not touched to finer issues than those of three unfortunate love-affairs, from which the charming sisters had suffered at the time of the painting. All in voluminous white—tempestuous petticoats to delight Herrick with their winning wave, and lofty hair curled horizontally and powdered, they sit winding silk and embroidering the “tambour” of the period, artificial as double flowers, but above criticism. It is on other canvases that Sir Joshua shows us how he can feel the pure line and delicate simplicity of the single flower; the exquisitely painted figure of little Miss Cholmondeley, lugging her hairy dog across a brook, is a human daisy; and Lavinia Bingham is as simple as a hedge-rose, though later in her transplantation as Countess Spencer, with a fascinating frilled hood tied over her powdered hair, she has the air of a garden flower.

The former siftings we spoke of with regard to the Royal Academy winter collections have not been so exhaustive but that they have left until this year one of the famous portraits of Admiral Keppel, the delicate portrait of Lady Sarah Lennox at the time of her first marriage, and the delightful picture of Lady

Crosbie—masterpieces of Sir Joshua, now at Burlington House. With a few other beautiful Gainsboroughs are the portraits of George IV. in a fresh and slender phase of life, and of the gravely beautiful Nancy Parsons, actress and viscountess ; while little in Romney's lovely art has surpassed the "Mrs. Jordan" whom he shows us flitting across a brilliant canvas, wearing the smile, the roses, the flowing maidenly dress of "Peggy" in the "Country Girl," a picture which is like a handful of flowers. We are constrained to pause among these great English portraits by the fact that in the notable revival of noble portraiture which the last ten or fifteen years have seen, the portraits of women have remained so strangely unreformed. Mr. Watts, Mr. Millais, Mr. Oules, Mr. Holl, and Mr. Gregory have painted men with an intelligence, a power, a comprehension and vigour capable of doing equal and level justice to intellect, power, and vigour in their sitters. But how have women fared at their hands ? From one only—Mr. Watts—have they had true honour. Two of these contemporary painters have never, or seldom, touched a female portrait ; the other two have shown us the best that they can do. And what has there been in that best ? What simplicity ? what wit ? what vivacity ? what honest and womanly intellect ? what gravity ? The reader need only remember the female portraits by the best pencils of our present Academy to feel how absent these qualities have been. Beauties indeed we have had, but vulgar beauties, self-conscious, stony, trivial, poor. Now, Sir Joshua's Lady Crosbie smiles on us with a young surprise in her face, so free and so fresh, that no charming prank of Nature's—bird's crest or upturned petals of cyclamen—looks wittier or more innocent. These "dead ladies," unlike Villon's, have a pleasant immortality ; it is the living ladies—and French as well as English ladies, by the way—who will not live in worthy art.

Our allusion to French feminine portraiture should not seem too harsh to those who remember how M. Carolus Duran

contributed to last year's Academy a portrait which was, in round terms, everything which a woman's portrait ought not to be. No pomp of executive show was spared ; no research of colour. The sitter moved across her drawing-room, and the painter's accomplished brush had movement also in its work. But face and form were no meeting-place for "sweet records, promises as sweet." There was no sensibility, no thought, and—a want which would affect the painter more nearly if he were conscious of it—no true distinction. To no woman painted by Carolus Duran has Nature been "both law and impulse." After all, though art should not be too literary, it should be inspired by the great thoughts which have moved the poets ; and we recommend the painters to study their Wordsworth. It may be said that French portraiture would be better illustrated from the Salon than from the Royal Academy ; but a study of the Salon will not mar our point. And we cite a work shown in London because it is significant that while French pictures over here have done us nothing but good in all other branches of art, yet in this one matter the artist who has for more than ten years been the Laureate painter of female portrait in France, showed us but an evil example. And yet there was one French artist who did, in a grave way of his own, give the world assurance of a woman—a flower-painter, M. Fantin.

We must reluctantly make no record here of the older foreign pictures at the Academy, to pause a little while in the Poole room for the sake of observing a painter, who, fifty years ago, began his career as a little leader of men, and five years ago closed it far in the rear of his fellows. To his figures we need surely pay little attention—their feebleness almost protects them ; the landscapes, on the other hand, have a kind of power which was never distinguished by the quality of style, nor dignified by truth, nor realized by verification. Poole, perhaps, owes some of his reputation as a "poetical" painter to his trick of unreal

atmosphere and colour. He worked among bad traditions, and might have been a greater artist in better times.

The Memoirs of Mario are said to be in course of preparation for the press, and their appearance will revive the interest of romantic reminiscences which was excited by his death. And yet an age which is reconsidering and revising many things, has come to new conclusions as to the school of music and the school of singing to which Mario belonged. But even the incredulous—and the reconsiderers and revisers are naturally incredulous—are bound to take the word of their predecessors that in that school the tenor who has just passed away was supreme. Unfortunately, Mario took a tardy farewell, and many of us remember his voice as it was in 1869, when the ever-indulgent English audiences declared it to be as fine as ever, but when, sooth to say, its strings were over-strained and lax, and their music grievously jangled. In those days Mario sang with his wife's successor, Madame Patti, whose style (let us speak the truth, though we speak it alone) is musically somewhat vulgar, but whose voice had then, and still almost keeps, a freshness like a boy's. Therefore, the contrast of youth and age was the more marked, and one was led to wish that in music, as in other matters, a man would be willing to consider himself the contemporary of his wife, and not aspire to be that of his wife's successors. Mario's glories synchronized with Grisi's, and so should his resignation have done. Her attempt at a re-appearance resulted in a scene of painful failure. His had the no less unfortunate effect of leaving in the ears of a generation which had not heard him at his best, the unmelodious echoes of a broken and battered voice. With Mario there has doubtless passed away a beautiful little Southern art; but, if so, there have also passed away a range of paltry emotions and puerile feelings which music and the world have at last outgrown. The Italian opera, from Rossini down to Verdi, marked a trivial stage of develop-

ment in the Latin races. And during the last thirteen years the Abbé Liszt has educated a little musical school in Rome which is more Teutonic than anything to be met with in Germany. Mario's work—and every great singer doubtless has an influence—was of course done in the cause of tardy art. He sang through many and many a paltry and childish work—many notes and little meanings ; and the rest is silence.

Grisi's nature was larger than the music to which she was condemned. She was not intellectual, but her noble physique seemed to imply her large, free, and simple intelligence. Such a woman should have been set to something better than the tunes of Bellini and Donizetti. Greater passion should have been infused into her simple sympathies than that extreme, abandoned, and unrestrained little passion which their music expressed. Such music seems intense only because it fulfils the utmost limits of its own meanings and desires. Doubtless Grisi had not any great mental power ; but she was a great subject for the mental power of a true composer. Of her no doubt her husband, who was singularly constant and conspicuously faithful, in a world where such qualities are observable, and not hidden in the privacy which yields them their worthiest praise, will have much to say. To many English friends the mutual tenderness of this tenor and soprano is a pleasant reminiscence, quaintly antithetical in its sincerity to the tenor and soprano demonstrations of Italian music. And in these recollections Grisi remains, as she was to the last, in spite of the slight grotesqueness of her exuberantly stout middle age, a beautiful creature, who had worn the gifts and favours of emperors as lightly as field-flowers, carrying in her heart a certain elementary Republicanism throughout her triumphs.

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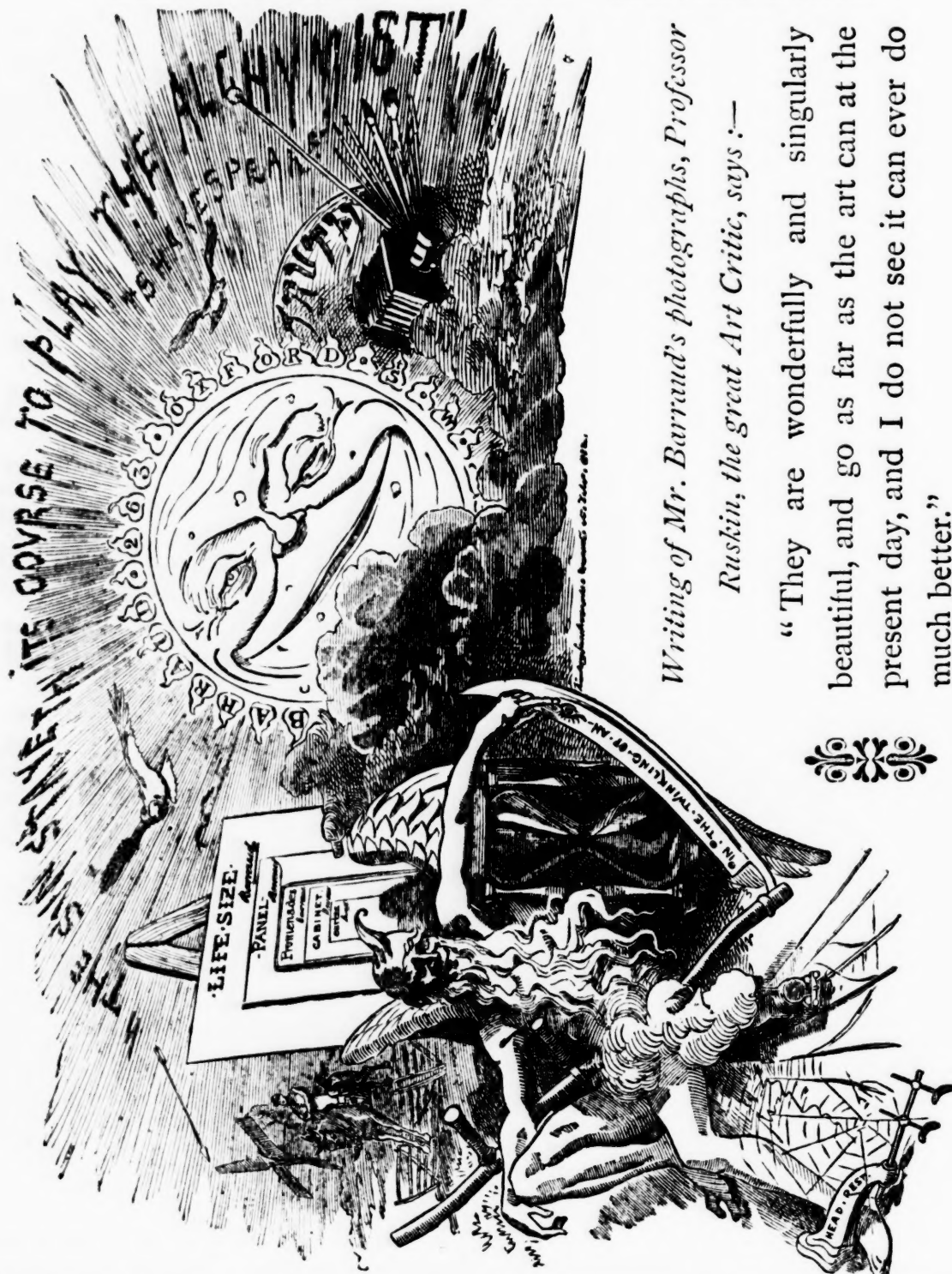
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MANIFESTO

OF

MERRY ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN does not love the steam plough, yet surely the steam plough in the midst of scenery the most idyllic is a better alternative—where such the alternative must be—than a starving people. The Professor indeed supposes that the modern ploughboy's whistling, as well as his work, will be done by steam; but we have faith that the rustic will yet again whistle for himself, albeit no longer for "want of thought." Frankly accepting the conditions of Modern England, we would have it a Merry England too. Though the maypole be a thing of the past, the same instinct for joy which moved men and maidens on the village greens of long ago is ready to assert itself still—Heaven sees in what distorted fashion—in our manufacturing towns, in our dense seaports, and our fields of coal. In London alone there are "two millions who never smile"—the members, alas! of a great family scattered, or rather huddled, in every city and village, through the land.

How their toil may be lightened and dignified for them, their sky cleared, their air sweetened, and the care for that light and sweetness cultivated in themselves; how marriage may be, not more rash, yet more possible and more righteous, among them; how maternity, losing at least its mental anguish, may regain once more the ancient "joy that a man is born into the world;" how the

children who now perish in their infancy may be saved to society and to thrifty homes; how old age may be made a season of honourable peace and of a well-earned pension, rather than of workhouse misery, which—cruel as death—puts asunder husband and wife; how Religion may be made more dear—at once more divine and more human, and the reverences and tendernesses of life multiplied among them:—how all this may be, the writers in the new Magazine will, from time to time, invite their readers to consider.

Such topics as these we shall attempt to treat with a freshness and delicacy which will redeem them from the dulness of blue-books, and will bid for the sympathy even of the happy and the young—the England which is Merry in all epochs. And if not in these, at least in less difficult problems concerning a Nation's welfare we shall have scope for fancy, and take opportunities for fun. We spare our readers the trite remark that Literature and Art are great elements of human happiness; but we shall make no apology for recognizing the fact by the publication of frequent papers, critical and biographical, about the painters and the writers of the present and the past; and this at least we may promise, that our Literature shall be literary Literature and our Art shall be artistic Art. And since we hold that the length of our railroads is no measure of the happiness of life; and the electric light is no substitute for a Star in the East; nor literature a glory, nor art anything else than a shame, if they disown fealty to the All-Father;—we shall seek to revive in our own hearts, and in the hearts of others, the enthusiasm of the Christian Faith. Moreover, in religion, as in literature in art and in sociology, we shall seek to fulfil Dr. Johnson's precept, and "clear our minds of cant"—the cant of commerce and the cant of capital, the cant even of chivalry and of labour, the cant of mediævalism no less than the cant of modern days.

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OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

The "SPECTATOR" says:—

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"MERRY ENGLAND is a handsome magazine, with quite an aristocratic look about it. It differs in the appearance of its type, the quality of the paper, and the size of the page, from all the other monthlies. The contents are unquestionably good."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The furtherance of human happiness is the greatest of objects, and the promoters of MERRY ENGLAND aim at this by means of pleasant articles on religion, literatures art and sociology, all devoid of cant. 'Reviews and Views' contain paragraphs of great discrimination and critical power. The Etching of 'Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons' is worth the cost of the magazine many times over; and if succeeding illustrations are of the same artistic value, MERRY ENGLAND will be looked forward to, not merely as a literary treasure, but as a valuable medium for the dispersal of works of art. MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of commendation to those in Scotland and Ireland who do not include themselves in the national diminutive."

The "GRAPHIC" says:—

"Our youngest magazine has begun its gracious mission of brightening with fresh light and sweetness the grey dulness of middle-class lives."

The "EVENING NEWS" says:—

"A really charming magazine."

The "WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE" says:—

"A vigorous manifesto indicates the high aims of the magazine, and the list of contributors gives promise that success will be deserved. We are not surprised to learn that the first edition of 5,000 copies was exhausted in a couple of days."

The "TABLET" says:—

"The first number of MERRY ENGLAND lets us feel that at last we have a high-class general magazine, from which the poison of infidelity shall be absent. MERRY ENGLAND is a Magazine which no cultivated household will care to be without."

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND deserves the place of honour among the magazines of the month. It claims attention at first sight by its pleasant exterior, its readable type, and its varied, yet not overburdened, contents. Nor is there any disappointment in store for us when we turn over the leaves."

The "FREEMAN" says:—

"The first number of the new magazine is rich in promise, and really fills a vacant place. MERRY ENGLAND, though thoroughly solid, will at the same time attract the general reader who must have something to charm him in form, as well as to instruct him in substance. If MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun, there can be little doubt of its final success."

The "YARMOUTH MERCURY" says:—

"So many magazines exist that it is excusable if one doubts whether there is room for another. Such a doubt, however, betrays ignorance, as any one reading the new periodical must frankly confess. The authors of this literary venture have recollected that the joy and gladness of human life should be as well represented as the other elements of daily experiences; and the contents of the first number admirably realize this too often neglected purpose; they are written with an earnestness of purpose and crispness of style which promise well for the future success of the magazine."

The "LEICESTER JOURNAL" says:—

"In the contents of the new magazine an amount of talent is displayed which ought to secure for it a wide circle of readers."

The "OVERLAND MAIL" says:—

"In aim, appearance, and get up, MERRY ENGLAND differs somewhat from its kind—a broad and pleasant page, a clear and open type, a genuine and genial policy. Its contents are varied and well written, by able and popular authors."

The "ESSEX STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND bids fair to be a formidable rival to the American monthlies which are so popular. There is a manifesto to the first number, in which the aims and objects of the new magazine are clearly set forth; and even surer guarantee of what we may look for from its pages is afforded by the contents of the first part, and by the subjects and writers announced for future numbers."

The "CHURCH TIMES" says:—

"The new magazine, MERRY ENGLAND, begins well."

The "WEEKLY REGISTER" says:—

"The illustrations will not fail to attract support from lovers of art. Etching—more costly as it is more satisfactory than any form of engraving—is the method used, and for the first time in a magazine sold at the price. MERRY ENGLAND is therefore in the cheap-periodical movement of the day."

The "WATERFORD CITIZEN" says:—

"The opening number of MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of its mission—that of endeavouring to infuse a spirit of refinement into everyday life. Colonel Butler furnishes a contribution to the history of the life of St. Patrick, which evinces ripe scholarship, and is written in a singularly fascinating style. Sometimes, indeed, the gifted writer soars into a region of the purest eloquence, subdued by an undertone of pathos."

The "WATERFORD NEWS" says:—

"The new magazine has met with that cordial reception which its excellence and cheapness so well deserve. MERRY ENGLAND is the most interesting publication of its class that it has ever been our lot to read."

The "WHITEHAVEN FREE PRESS" says:—

"The first number of the new national magazine, the advent of which has been looked for in literary circles with some curiosity, is a good sample, and if succeeding numbers are well up to it, it will prove a happy combination of art and literature."

The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND the new and highly promising candidate for public favour, is an unqualified success, and can scarcely fail to become rapidly popular."

The "HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND has at last appeared, and contrary to the rule in the case of newly issued magazines, the first number justifies the preliminary announcements which prepared the reading public for its advent."

The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND, will no doubt hold a high position in the literature of the day."

The "BOLTON WEEKLY GUARDIAN" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND promises to have a glorious future. 'The Light of the West,' by Colonel Butler, as an historical picture, is the sublimest we have ever seen in any magazine. St. Patrick never had a biographer who was able to condense so magnificent a panegyric into so short a space. But all the articles in the new Magazine deserve, and will command, public appreciation."

The "NORWICH MERCURY" says:—

"The new shilling magazine illustrates excellently the improvement in public taste. The etching of Lord Beaconsfield is of itself worth a larger sum than is charged for the magazine, and it will be valued by Liberals no less than by Tories. If MERRY ENGLAND continues to offer us so good a shilling's worth its success is certain."

The "BOOKSELLER" says:—

"The new Magazine aims at a higher standard than the existing shilling monthlies, and is illustrated by a capital etching. The paper and printing are of a superior quality, and the general appearance is handsomer than is usual in a shilling magazine."

The "LONDONDERRY SENTINEL" says:—

"The new monthly magazine bids fair to obtain a prominent position among its contemporaries. The task which the writers have set before them is a noble one, and the contributors to the first number each and all display a comprehensiveness of scope and depth of research and vivacity of description which cannot fail to secure the approval of the reading public. Colonel Butler's description of the Emerald Isle is sublime and beautiful, almost forcing one to realize the poet's picture—'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea!' This single contribution is worth the price of the entire magazine."

The "DERRY SENTINEL" says:—

"The new magazine promises much in the way of high-class literature of a healthy kind, and the first number performs well the duty which it has marked out for itself. It will take its proper place among the best periodical literature of the nineteenth century."

The "NEW YORK WORLD" says:—

"The first number will challenge comparison with any of the old popular monthlies."

The "PAISLEY HERALD" says:—

"All the articles are well-written and highly attractive. We shall be greatly disappointed in this magazine if it does not obtain a high place among our best monthlies."

The "SOUTH ESSEX ADVERTISER" says:—

"The new aspirant among our Shilling serials opens with a very attractive number, the admirable etching being worth the price of the magazine many times told. If MERRY ENGLAND gives us an etching of this quality monthly, we should say the success of the magazine is assured, independently of its literary contents; but these also are of a high order of merit."

The "NORTHAMPTONSHIRE GUARDIAN" says:—

"The object which the projectors set before them is a noble one. Every lover of his kind will wish that the magazine may be in such measure, as is possible, instrumental in accomplishing its high purpose. We have rarely seen a first number of such excellent promise. The whole of the articles are eminently readable, and some of them are pitched in a far higher key than the usual run of magazine literature."

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—

"The etching in the new venture has caused its sale to be enormous. The first number contains a powerfully written article by Mr. George Saintsbury, on the 'Young England Party,' and one by Col. Butler, on the 'Light of the West,' which will make all true Irish hearts thrill with patriotic pride. No one has ever written with clearer insight than Mr. Kegan Paul on the 'English Rustic'; Mr. Cole's 'Plea for Health Guilds' is extremely important; Miss Alice Corkran's Novelette is exquisitely pathetic; and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's 'Blackbird' is a charming and uncommon little poem."

The "ARCHITECT" says:—

"The new magazine is bright and readable throughout."

OF THE SECOND NUMBER.

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND follows up the good start made last month ; and, indeed, we think that in some respects the second number is better than the first, having more distinctness and unity of purpose. Mrs. Meynell's writing never lacks charm, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—ironically entitled, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives'—treats with real freshness a subject about which a great deal that is neither fresh nor edifying has been written. Mr. J. G. Cox's exposition of 'The Law of the Mother and the Child,' and his comments thereupon, are luminous and sensible. 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' by Mr. Ashcroft Noble, is an account of a little club of ropemakers who met every week to read and discuss the writings of Mr. Ruskin, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, and Cardinal Newman ; and Mr. Noble quotes some shrewd criticisms made by the workers in hemp. There is a very creditable etching of St. Alban's Abbey, from the needle of Mr. Tristram Ellis."

The "EVENING STANDARD" says :

"The second is a delightful number of MERRY ENGLAND. Every article is excellent ; and any subject that may be regarded as belonging to the 'solid' class is treated with a light and pleasant touch. A light and agreeable seriousness is evidently the aim of the Magazine."

The "FREEMAN" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is pleasantly bright and varied. Of Mrs. Meynell it may be said as truly as of Goldsmith, that she touches nothing which she does not adorn ; but she is something more than a mere graceful writer, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—entitled, with a sad irony, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is as valuable for its fine moral insight as for its delicate literary touch. Novelty is generally attractive, and many readers will probably find it in the bright and attractive sketch entitled, 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' which is from the pen of Mr. Ashcroft Noble, and should be read by all desirous of understanding the working-classes of our country. Mr. J. G. Cox, whose literary work is becoming favourably and deservedly known, has the happy knack of making even legal matters interesting, and his article on 'The Law of the Mother and Child' will enlarge the knowledge of most readers without sending them to sleep. Mrs. Haweis writes learnedly of 'Dress in Merry England' ; Mrs. Loftie brightly of 'Social Dulness' considered as a 'bogey of provincial life' ; and Mr. John Oldcastle's story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' is well conceived and capitally told."

The "WORCESTERSHIRE ADVERTISER" says :

"Number two of this capital magazine sustains the reputation of its first issue, and bids fair to hold a permanent place in our literature."

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—

"The second number opens with a pleasant bit of historical gossip on St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. R. Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. The etching of the noble building by Mr. Tristram Ellis is worth more than the price of the magazine, and will in many cases find its way to a frame. Mr. J. A. Noble gives a readable sketch of 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night' ; Mr. J. G. Cox supplies an interesting and valuable summary of 'the Law of the Mother and the Child' ; Mrs. Loftie discourses pleasantly upon 'Social Liability' ; and Mrs. Haweis takes up her favourite theme of 'Dress.' A series of readable notes closes the number, which more than justifies the praise we bestowed on the first issue. It is an eminently readable magazine, and its aim is not only to entertain but to elevate."

The "BURY POST" says:—

"This is only the second number of the new magazine, but already it seems installed as a favourite. The serious things of the world are not eschewed, but they are touched with a delicate and light hand, and agreeable tints are laid on with a fine and discriminating touch. Mr. John Oldcastle writes an admirable story, and Mr. J. A. Noble shows conclusively that working-men are susceptible to culture."

The "ADVERTISER" says:—

"Of the first number of this new aspirant a critic remarked, 'if MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun there can be little doubt of its final success.' We can only say that it is going on as it began. The second number contains all the literary merit which won for the first number such prompt and decided success."

The "DERBY MERCURY" says:—

"The second number of MERRY ENGLAND well fulfils the promise of the first number. The etching is worth more than the money asked for the whole number, and there is no falling off in the quality of the literary contributions."

The "PAISLEY GAZETTE" says:—

"The title of the magazine was happily chosen, and it raised expectations which may reasonably be said to be fully met. The readable type in which the magazine is printed helps to promote the popularity it has already obtained, and which the character of the contributions well maintain."

The "TABLET" says:—

"The June number of MERRY ENGLAND is exceptionally good. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is not only charmingly written, but treats of a difficult subject with consummate tact. Mr. J. G. Cox contributes a clear and powerful article on the 'Law of the Mother and the Child;' while the 'Reviews and Views' are written with a subtle distinction of style which will betray to many the hand of one of the most charming writers of the day."

The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—

"The second number will certainly extend the excellent impression made by the first. A variety of well-written papers make up a very readable number of this high-toned periodical, which seems destined to make a distinct position for itself above the average of ordinary miscellanies."

The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a marvellous shillingsworth; its etching, essays, stories and reviews being all good."

The "BRISTOL MERCURY" says:—

"It is satisfactory to be able to say of the new magazine that the second number is as good as the first. Mrs. Meynell contributes a graceful essay; and to this succeeds a capital little story of a class that always pleases, by Mr. Oldcastle. Mr. Noble gives an interesting account of an evening spent in the company of Liverpool operatives; and Mr. J. G. Cox deals in an earnest and able spirit with an important social question."

The "OXFORD UNIVERSITY HERALD" says:—

"The second number of this new magazine shows no falling off. Mr. John Oldcastle contributes an excellent story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' the leading incident in which is quite new."

The "SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—

"The etching of St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, is a really beautiful work of art."

"LIFE" says:—

"We said of the first number of this magazine, and we now repeat of its successor, that the promise contained in its manifesto has been amply redeemed. Its literature is literary and its art artistic; and we are glad to see that other periodicals have done full justice to its attractive external form."

The "IRISH MONTHLY" says:—

"There are several new magazines, but the one to which we feel impelled to give a cordial greeting is MERRY ENGLAND; in spite of its name the graceful design on its cover gives, we think, a dozen shamrocks to two thistles and one rose. Very great taste and skill, inclining to the dainty and æsthetic, are shown even in the mechanical arrangements of the new magazine, which is the first of its kind to use etchings freely for its illustrations."

OF THE THIRD NUMBER.

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"Considerable artistic interest attaches to the third number of MERRY ENGLAND. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'The Story of a Picture,' is illustrated with nine reproductions of studies made by Sir Frederick Leighton for his noble design for the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.' The studies in themselves are interesting; and, though Mrs. Meynell modestly speaks of herself as an outsider, her comments are characterized by knowledge as well as judgment. Mrs. Butler also contributes an illustration, entitled 'A Cistercian Shepherd,' which accompanies an article by Mr. J. G. Cox.

The "NEWCASTLE COURANT" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND has a character of its own, thoroughly original, clever, and bright."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The contents of MERRY ENGLAND are of uniform excellence. Probably not the least important of the factors which go to make up the marked individuality of MERRY ENGLAND is the fact that, while it has each month contained at least one picture of considerable artistic value, it is not an illustrated magazine in the usual sense of the term, that is to say—it is not a magazine in which it is considered necessary to have a certain number of illustrations, good, bad, or indifferent. Thus, while the first two numbers each contained an admirable etching, the present one contains no less than ten full-page engravings, of which nine are by Sir Frederick Leighton. The conception and execution are alike powerful, and leave an impression of the earnest thought which the President has brought to bear upon his design. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a spirited drawing by the painter of the 'Roll-Call.' The article which is illustrated, 'Horney-handed Brothers,' is by Mr. J. G. Cox, and is a tribute to the earnest, unselfish industry of the old monks in the best days of monasticism, when much that was best and noblest in humanity found its highest expression in the single lives of the inhabitants of the cloister. The other articles are on 'A Berkshire Village a Hundred Years Ago,' by the Rev. J. F. Cornish; 'Thoughts in a Library,'

by John Dennis; 'Small Talk,' by Alice Corkran; and 'Travelling Thoughts on the Acropolis,' by Mrs. Pfeiffer. These, with a story by Rosa Mulholland, a poem on 'The London Sparrow' by W. H. Hudson, and the literary and artistic gossip, under the heading, 'Reviews and Views,' make up a number which is readable from beginning to end, and which is marked throughout by a confidently high tone not always found in contemporaneous periodical literature."

The "NORTHERN ECHO" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a good shillingsworth of clever, perverse, whimsical, gossiping, academical prose, poetry, and pictures."

OF THE FOURTH NUMBER.

The "GLOBE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND continues the distinct features which have characterized it from the beginning. It is completely different from all other magazines, and the articles are ably written."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The New Magazine has now reached the fourth number, and we are glad to see that it fully maintains the excellent promise with which it started."

"The EVENING STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is developing originality. The pleasant, familiarly-written essays, and the easy flowing sketches, sometimes full of suggestive instruction, and yet free from all stiltedness, place readers and writers on the best terms at once. Mrs. Lynn Lynton contributes what we may call a *causerie* on 'Scandal'; 'A Gift of Interpretation,' by Mr. Francis Phillimore, is admirable; 'With Ariel' is at once careful and thoughtful; and Miss Alice Corkran's 'Face at the Window' is a pleasantly told story."

OF THE FIFTH NUMBER.

The "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL" says:—

"Within the last few years many new magazines have been started. One of the newest is "MERRY ENGLAND," which has several distinguishing features of its own. A certain daintiness and elegance mark the type and paper, and all the other externals, including the cover. Never before in a cheap magazine has etching, the most costly and satisfactory form of engraving, been used so freely for the purpose of illustration. The fiction of the magazine is confined to tales finished in a single number."

The "BRISTOL TIMES" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND, though the youngest of the Magazines, has succeeded, by its own intrinsic merits, in forcing itself into the front rank."

The "NORTHERN WHIG" says:—

"Mr. W. J. Loftie contributes a chatty article 'About Westminster,' which is illustrated by a capital etching of the Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis. Mr. Davidson's story 'The Mysterious Hamper' is a pleasant illustration of the old story, how the lawyers take the oysters and leave the shells to their clients. In 'Spoilt Parents,' Mrs. Lynch pertinently replies to those who censure parents for spoiling their children. 'A Night with the Unhanged' is written by Mr. Richard Dowling in his best vein, and charmingly satirizes some of the most respectable criminals who adorn society in these days."

OF THE SIXTH NUMBER.

The "LIVERPOOL MERCURY" says:—

"The sixth number of MERRY ENGLAND upholds its character for general excellence."

The "NORTHAMPTON GUARDIAN" says:—

"Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was so prominent a figure in the Egyptian difficulty that the public interested in the promotion of justice will be glad to know something more of a man who was anxious to see it done. Readers of Mr. Oldcastle's sketch of Mr. Blunt's life will rise from its perusal with the strengthened conviction that in the course he took he was fighting not only in the cause of truth and justice, but also in the interests of his own country. . . . In 'Empire or Fellowship' Mr. J. G. Cox ably indicates the revolution of ideas in our relationship to our colonies, and as we think, has interpreted most truly one of the most gratifying moral changes of our time. He has touched one of the most powerful springs in the national feeling and will—one of the spiritual forces that work silently but surely in the regeneration of the world."

The "MANCHESTER EXAMINER" says:—

"Mrs. Lynch's very energetic endeavour to class patient Grizzel and her followers as criminals rather than as heroines is boldly truthful and yet amusing."

"LIFE" says:—

"*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* would be an apt motto for this charming magazine; and if its editor continues—as he has begun—to give its subscribers variety as well as value for their money, *nihil non tetigit* will soon be equally applicable. As for agreeing with everything that every writer in MERRY ENGLAND advances, that, we need hardly say, is out of the question. We gravely doubt, for example, the soundness of the view of the Egyptian question put forward by Mr. John Oldcastle in his interesting sketch of the career of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; yet we cannot but admire the literary skill with which Mr. Oldcastle states his case."

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